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THE
BOSTON
SUNDAY SCHOOL
HYMN BOOK;

WITH DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES.

Pray
BY LEWIS G. PRAY.

Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

APPROVED BY THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY, BOSTON.

REVISED EDITION

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REFACE.

THE Hymn Book, of which this is the preface, is a revised edition of the one entitled the "*Boston Sunday School Hymn Book*," first published in 1833, of which six editions found a ready sale, and which, as the editor thinks, has given to it the sanction of public approbation.

Since that time, many new hymns have been written or published, far surpassing in excellence many of those which were then accessible to the editor, and some new wants in our schools, have been created or felt; which circumstances united, have seemed to render a revision of the work necessary. Accordingly, quite a number of those hymns considered the least appropriate and valuable in the first edition, have been discarded from, and a large number of a better class, about a hundred, have been added to, this. The intention has been to make it strictly, a *Sunday School Hymn Book*. Not a hymn, it is believed, has been retained or added, which is not adapted to some simple and suitable air, to the purposes and objects of the Sunday School, to the minds and hearts of the young, and to the great end of exciting the deepest piety, and the purest and highest devotional sentiment and feeling.

As Sunday School Anniversaries and Rural and Religious Celebrations have become, as it were, a part of our moral means of religious influence and instruction, some of the best hymns which have been written for, or suited to, these occasions, will be found in this edition; and as many new tunes and pleasant and popular airs have been

introduced, the names of such as are most approved, have been subjoined to these, and all the hymns. Reference has been made, in some cases, by proper initial letters, to the "Sunday School Singing Book," recently published by W. Crosby & Co., Washington Street, and to the Sabbath School Minstrel," published by the Sabbath School Union, 79 Cornhill, Boston, in both of which may be found many pleasing airs and good juvenile music. The other tunes referred to, may be found in those collections of Psalmody in use by most of our church choirs.

In many schools, it has been found, by experience, that forms of prayer and selections of Scripture are desirable for enlisting the attention of the young, in the devotional exercises of the school. To meet this want, a compilation of such exercises has been made, and added at the close of this book. The best mode of using them, is indicated by their arrangement. 1. Hymn. 2. Selections by response; the superintendent leading, in a slow and impressive manner, and the children, having the book open before them, following in a similar manner. 3. Prayer; the children closing the book, or, if thought best, having it open, and responding after the superintendent, as in the other exercise. If a general lesson is given at the *opening* of the school, it should follow the hymn, and if necessary, on account of time, the selections of Scripture omitted. The school should be closed with the reading and singing of a hymn together.

With these few explanations, this little work is commended anew, to the favor of Sunday Schools, and the blessing of Heaven.

L. G. P.

INDEX.

	PAGE
Again the Lord of life and light,	18
A glory gilds thy sacred page,	64
All the week we spend,	144
Almighty God, thy gracious power,	23
Almighty God, by thy great power,	31
Almighty God, in humble prayer,	82
Among the deepest shades of night,	39
And is the Gospel peace and love,	51
And must I be to judgment brought,	114
And now, my soul, another year,	122
Another day, O Lord, is gone,	151
Assembled in the morning,	11
As the sun's enlivening eye,	153
Awake, awake, your homes forsake,	21
Away from home to school we come,	143
Before we close our eyes to-night,	91
Behold, where, in a mortal form,	50
Behold the amazing sight,	55
Blest instructor, from thy ways,	15
Blest is the child of Faith,	98
By Jesus' pure example taught,	154
By cool Siloam's shady rill,	70
Children of the heavenly King,	49
Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,	57
Come, thou Almighty King,	13
Come to the place of praise,	14
Come, ye young, and do not spurn,	110
Come, when the leaves are greenest,	137
Come, we that love the Lord,	68
Death has been here and borne away,	126
Farewell, dear friend, a long farewell,	127
Far from thy servants, God of grace,	105
Father and Friend, thy light, thy love,	36
Father in heaven, thy ceaseless love,	23
Father of our exalted Lord,	52
Father of mercies, in thy word,	62
Father, Lord of life and glory,	143
Father in heaven, we thank the care,	101
Feeble, helpless, how shall I,	46
From all that dwell below the skies,	155
From Greenland's icy mountains,	128
From earliest dawn of life,	72

Gathered by the land of kindness,	129
Glory to our heavenly King,	97
God, who is just and kind,	87
God of love, we look to thee,	104
God of mercy, God of love,	97
God, in the Gospel of his Son,	65
God might have made the earth bring forth,	27
God, thou art good! each perfumed flower,	32
God moves in a mysterious way,	40
Go, when the morning shineth,	81
Great God, and wilt thou condescend,	30
Great God, accept our songs of praise,	149
Great God, our Father and our Friend,	83
Great Source of unexhausted good,	108
Great God, to thee my voice I raise,	96
Hail, reviving, joyous Spring,	119
Hail to the Lord's anointed,	4
Hark! the deep-toned bell is calling,	26
Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing,	19
Hark, from that glorious world, what songs,	115
Hark! what mean those holy voices,	41
Hear ye not a voice from heaven,	74
Heavenly Father, mighty Lord,	96
Here we meet with joy together,	141
How beautiful the sight,	102
How beautiful the setting sun,	67
How blest the righteous when he dies,	111
How can those who daily share,	99
How happy is the child who hears,	69
How kind, my parents, O, how kind,	100
How long sometimes a day appears,	112
How sweet to be allowed to pray,	109
How sweet the infant song,	45
How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound,	43
How shall the young secure their hearts,	66
How sweet is the day,	145
How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest,	19
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,	103
How wondrous is this frame,	29
I feel within a want,	86
If human kindness meets return,	62
I love to join the joyful play,	142
In all my vast concerns with thee,	38
In a modest, humble mind,	109
In each breeze that wanders free,	26
In Israel's fane, by silent night,	73
In the soft season of thy youth,	68
In the cross of Christ, I glory,	56
I thank the goodness and the grace,	60
I want a principle within,	89
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay,	112
Jerusalem, my happy home,	117
Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour,	53
Jesus, I love thy glorious name,	48
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,	129

INDEX.

vii

Jesus, when a little child,	54
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us,	86
Let the still air rejoice,	130
Let children come, so Jesus said,	61
Little children, come to me,	76
Lo! the bright, the rosy morning,	119
Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,	165
Lord! from mortal cares retreating,	14
Lord I would own thy tender care,	33
Lord, what offering shall we bring,	104
Lord, we come to seek thy blessing,	136
Maker of the Sabbath day,	22
My country, 'tis of thee,	129
My Father! cheering name,	29
My helper God, I bless thy name,	123
My Maker and my King,	107
Now in my early days,	84
Now that my journey's just begun,	98
O for a closer walk with God,	88
O God, our strength, our hope,	84
O God! thy boundless love we praise,	34
Oh, our Father, what a treasure,	63
O, in the morn of life, when youth,	71
O Lord, another week is flown,	12
Once more the light of day I see,	17
One sweet flower has drooped and faded,	128
O 'tis a Gily and a crime,	23
Our Father, here again we raise,	9
Our Father in heaven,	78
Our Father, nature's God,	140
O when the hours of life are past,	117
Praise to God, oh, let us raise,	93
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,	79
Providence, profusely kind,	118
Quiet, Lord, my froward heart,	87
Remember thy Creator,	70
Sacred day, forever blest,	152
Safely through another week,	10
Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,	59
See, another year is gone,	125
See from on high a light divine,	44
See Israel's Shepherd stand,	63
See the leaves around us falling,	122
See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,	47
S'll all those our teachers be forgot,	135
Sow in the morn thy seed,	161
Sun of my soul! thou Saviour dear,	53
Suppliant, lo, thy children bend,	16
Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,	114
Sweet is the place of play,	146
Sweet is the place of praise,	80
Teacher, at the feet of love,	150
The lilies of the field,	112
The Lord is risen indeed,	57
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know,	4

There is a book who runs may read,	25
There is an unseen power around,	38
There is a path that leads to God,	91
There is a stream whose gentle flow,	64
There's not a leaf within the bower,	27
There's not a tint that paints the rose,	32
The season's happy voices,	132
The seraphs bright are hovering,	95
The Sunday School, with joy so full,	133
The Sunday School is open to all,	147
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,	116
Thou art, O God, the life and light,	35
Thy gracious aid, great God, impart,	66
'T is by the faith of joys to come,	97
'T is summer, glorious summer,	121
To thee, my God, my days are known,	37
Turn, turn, the hasty foot aside,	105
We bless thee for this sacred day,	22
We come with joy and gladness,	142
We come in childhood's innocence,	10
Welcome, welcome, is the greeting,	131
Welcome, welcome, quiet morning,	23
We sing thy mercy, God of love,	60
We sin, whenever we pursue,	90
We've passed another Sabbath day,	152
When a foolish thought within,	89
When all thy mercies, O my God,	34
What are those soul-reviving strains,	44
What if a little drop should say,	110
When children give their hearts to God,	75
When daily I kneel down to pray,	79
When in my heart rise angry thoughts,	52
When, for some little insult given,	106
When his salvation bringing,	46
When Jesus left his heavenly throne,	73
When Jesus Christ was here below,	48
When little Samuel woke,	75
When the morning bells are ringing,	17
When to the house of God we go,	154
While Thee we seek, protecting Power,	77
While verdure clothes the fertile vale,	120
While with ceaseless course the sun,	124
Who gave the sun his noonday light,	24
Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou,	103
With warm affection let us view,	54
Ye friends of youth who stand around,	138

THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL
HYMN-BOOK.

1

Morning Hymn. L. M.

Luton.

Hebron

- 1 OUR FATHER, here again we raise
To thee our morning hymn of praise,
For all the joys thy smiles afford,
This sacred day, thy holy word.
- 2 We thank thee, Father, that to thee
Again we bend the lowly knee,
That here in peace and prayer we stand,
Upheld by an almighty hand.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
Keep us from sin and error free ;
Thy Sabbaths may we so improve,
As best to win our Father's love.
- 4 So shall we then, when life shall end
A nobler, holier Sabbath spend ;
Where thy good children all shall be,
Joined in one family with thee.

T. GRAY, JR.

2

Commencing Hymn. C. M.

Clarendon.

Hummel.

- 1 We come in childhood's innocence,
We come, as children, free!
We offer up, O God! our hearts
In trusting love to thee.
- 2 Well may we bend, in solemn joy,
At thy bright courts above;—
Well may the grateful child rejoice,
In such a Father's love.
- 3 In joy we wake, in peace we sleep,
Safe from all midnight harms,
Not folded in an angel's wings,
But in a Father's arms.
- 4 We come not as the mighty come;
Not as the proud we bow;
But as the pure in heart should bend,
Seek we thine altars now.
- 5 "Forbid them not," the Saviour said;—
In speechless rapture dumb,
We hear the call—we seek thy face—
Father! we come—we come!

T. GRAY, JR.

3

Commencing Hymn. 7's M. 6l.

In the Cottage.

Sabbath.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,

Waiting in his courts to-day
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest !

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Through our lives, our praise demand :
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Fed and guided by thy hand.
Yet ungrateful we have been,
Paying back these gifts with sin.

8 Lord, we pray for pardoning grace,
In our dear Redeemer's name :
Sin remove, and in its place
Give us virtue's purest flame ;
Thus, from all our sins set free,
May we rest at last with thee.

J. NEWTON.

4

Commencing Hymn. 7 & 6's M.

terbury.

Missionary Hymn.

1 **ASSEMBLED** in the morning,
At this our Sunday school,
We would, our faith adorning,
Observe this sacred rule—
That, as our God's a *Spirit*,
Our *spirits* should adore ;
That we may thus inherit
The blessings we implore.

2 And first, our sins confessing,
With penitential tear,
We 'd supplicate a blessing
On this our meeting here :
And then for those who teach us
Pure light from Thee above,

That they with power may reach us,—
The power of holy love.

3 Preserve us from temptation ;
From idle words and play ;
And let thine approbation
Attend us every day.
O, may we give our parents
Obedience from the heart ;
Be kind to our companions,
And love to all impart.

4 O, grant thy special favor,
That we may know thy truth,
And imitate the SAVIOUR,
In age as well as youth ;
So when we reach the valley
That leads us down to death,
In thee our trust reposing,
Yield up in hope our breath.

L. G. PRAY.

5

Commencing Hymn. C. M.

Peterboro'.

Clarendon.

- 1 O LORD, another week is flown,
And we, a youthful band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And wilt thou lend a listening ear
To praises low as ours ?
Thou wilt ! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign.
As in thy name we pray ;

For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are weak as they.

4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And bid our passions cease ;
And shed abroad in every heart
Thine everlasting peace.

5 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led ;
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

6

Commencing Hymn. 6 & 4's M.

America.

Italian Hymn.

1 COME, thou Almighty King !
Help us thy name to sing !
Help us to praise !
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days !

2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
By heaven and earth adored,
Our prayer attend !
Come, and thy children bless ;
Give thy good word success ;
Make thine own holiness
On us descend.

3 Never from us depart ;
Rule thou in every heart,
Hence, evermore !
Thy sovereign majesty

May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

ANON.

7

Commencing Hymn. S. M.

Laban.

Shirland.

- 1 COME to the place of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 2 Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.
- 3 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all ;
Who see'st the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call ;
- 4 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

E. TAYLOR.

8

Commencing Hymn. 8's & 7's M.

Scilian Hymn.

Greenville.

- 1 LORD ! from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and vain desires,
Here our willing footsteps meeting,
Every heart to thee aspires.

- 2 From thy fount of glory beaming,
Light celestial cheers our eyes;
We thy mercy hear proclaiming,
Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 3 We would share thy great salvation
With the pure and humble mind;
With each kindred tongue and nation,
From the dross of guilt refined.
- 4 Blessings all around bestowing,
Lord, withhold thy care from none;
Be thy mercy ever flowing
From the fountain of thy throne.
- 5 Lord, with favor still attend us;
Bless us with thy wond'rous love:
Thou, our sun and shield, defend us:
All our hope is from above.

J. TAYLOR.

9

Commencing Hymn. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c.

Alcester.

- 1 **BLESSED** Instructor! from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays!
Save from error's growth our mind,
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our hearts' disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee:
To thine all-observing eyes
Let our thoughts accepted rise.

- 4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Instructor! bow thine ear;
God our strength! propitious hear.

MERRICK.

 10
Commencing Hymn. 7's M.

' Watchman, tell us,' &c. In the Cottage.

- 1 SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children bend,
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, defend,—
We are weak, Almighty thou.
- 2 With the peace thy word imparts,
Be the taught and teacher blest,
In their lives, and on their hearts,
Father, be thy laws imprest.
- 3 Pour into each longing mind
Light and knowledge from above;
Charity for all mankind—
'Trusting faith, enduring love.
- 4 Here, in joy's triumphant day,
Still may grateful hearts arise,
Bright with rapture's kindling ray,
Purely, fondly to the skies.
- 5 Here, in sorrow's chastening hour,
May thy word its light diffuse;
Fresh'ning as the vernal shower,
Peaceful as the silent dews.
- 6 Grant us spirits lowly, pure,
Errors pardon'd, sins forgiven;
Humble trust, obedience sure,
Love to man, and faith to heaven.

T. GRAY, JR.

11

Morning Hymn. C. M.

Arlington.

Peterboro'.

- 1 ONCE more the light of day I see ;
Lord, with it let me raise
My heart and voice in song to thee,
Of gratitude and praise.
- 2 The sky-lark from its lowly nest
Hath soar'd into the sky,
And by its joyous song express'd
Unconscious praise on high.
- 3 My feeble voice and faltering tone
No tuneful tribute bring ;
But thou canst in my heart make known
What bird can never sing.
- 4 Instruct me, then, to lift my heart
To thee in praise and prayer ;
And love and gratitude impart,
For every good I share.
- 5 Thus let me, Lord, confess the debt
I owe thee day by day ;
Nor e'er at night or morn forget
To thee, O God ! to pray.

B. BARTON.

12

Morning Hymn. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Morning Song.

- 1 WHEN the morning bells are ringing,
To the chapel we repair,
Where our voices join in singing.
And our hearts unite in prayer.

- 2 Thanks to God for his protection,
While in helpless sleep we lay ;
When in darkness his direction
Brought us to this holy day.
- 3 Let us all, with firm endeavor,
In our duties now engage ;
We shall gain our Father's favor,
Bending o'er his sacred page.
- 4 There the lessons he has taught us,
Will our hearts and minds improve ;
And the blessings he has sent us
Wake a strong and filial love.

R. W. BAYLEY.

13

Morning Hymn. C. M.

Ballerna.

Woodstock.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light,
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom !
O, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

MRS. BARBAULD

14

Sabbath School Hour. 8 & 7's M.

Hark ! the Sabbath ; S. S. Minstrel. Greenville.

- 1 HARK ! the Sabbath bells are ringing !
Let us haste without delay ;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.
- 2 'T is an hour of happy meeting,
We have met for praise and prayer ;
But the hour is short and fleeting ;
Let us then be early there.
- 3 Keep we not the teachers waiting,
While we tarry by the way ;
Nor disturb the school reciting ;
'T is the holy Sabbath day.
- 4 Children, haste ; the bells are ringing,
And the day is bright and fair ;
Thousands now are joined in singing,
Thousands too in solemn prayer.

ANON.

15

The Sabbath. 11's M.

Home. Frederick. Hinton.

- 1 How sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest ;
The day of the week which surely I love best ;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 O let me be thankful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a moment in trifling or play ;

Remembering these seasons were graciously
given,
To teach me to pray, and prepare me for heaven.

3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;
In the school where I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me
there.

4 Instruct me, my Saviour ;—a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways ;
I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
the praise.

ANON.

16

Sabbath Morning. P. M.

"Call of the Bell ;" S. S. Minstrel.

1 HARK ! the deep-toned bell is calling !

"Come ! O come !"

Weary ones, where'er you wander,

"Hither come !"

Louder now and deeper pealing,

On the heart that voice is stealing,

"Come, nor longer roam."

2 Now again its tones are pealing,

"Come, O come !"

In the Sunday School now kneeling,

"Seek thy home !"

Come, and round the altar bending,

Love the place where God, descending,

Calls the spirit home.

- 3 Still the echoed voice is ringing,
 "Come, O come!"
 Every heart pure incense bringing,
 "Hither, come!"
 Father, round thy footstool bending,
 May our souls, to heaven ascending,
 Find in thee their home.

S. S. MINSTREL.

17

Sabbath Morning. P. M.

Sabbath Morning; S. S. Minstrel.

- 1 AWAKE, awake, your homes forsake,
 To God your praises pay;
 The morning sun is clear and bright,
 How precious is the sacred light
 With songs of love
 Praise God above,
 It is the Sabbath day.
- 2 Before the morn, awaked the dawn,
 The blessed Saviour rose;
 He conquered death and left the grave,
 While soft across the placid wave
 The morning star
 Shone forth afar;
 And vanquished all his foes.
- 3 The angels bright, from worlds of light,
 To greet his rising came;
 The Prince of life with joy they view,
 While heaven its glories o'er him threw
 Then haste to fly
 Above the sky,
 Their raptures to proclaim.

S. S. HARP.

18

Sabbath Day. 7's M.

In the Cottage.

Alcester.

- 1 **MAKER** of the Sabbath day,
Teach us how to praise and pray;
Thou this blessed day hast given,
To prepare our souls for heav'n.
- 2 Ruler of the earth and sky,
Lord of all below, or high,
Make the young, as well as old,
Sheep of our Redeemer's fold.
- 3 Friend of children, hear our prayer;
Let no trifling feeling dare
Steal the precious hours away,
Of this sacred Sabbath day.

PORTS. COLL.

19

Sabbath Day. L. M.

Portugal.

Hebron.

- 1 **WE** bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou who hast every blessing given,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of opening heaven.
- 2 Lord, in this day of holy rest,
We would improve the calm repose;
And, in thy service truly blest,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord! may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heavenly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.

- 4 We would our prayers with fervor bring,
And lay them at thy sacred throne !
And render praise, O heavenly King,
To thee, who praise can claim alone.

MRS. GILMAN.

20

Sabbath Morning. L. M.

Duke Street.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 FATHER in heaven, thy ceaseless love
Has brought us to this holy day ;
Blest with thy kindness from above,
Another week has passed away.
- 2 Grant us, O Lord ! a grateful heart
To feel thy goodness and obey :
Ne'er may we from thy love depart,
Ne'er may we leave thy heavenly way.
- 3 Grant us this day a willing mind
To learn what thou would'st have us do,
And how we may thy favor find,
And love and serve each other too.
- 4 Thy happy children may we live,
Thy happy children may we die ;
To all may God, our Father, give
A home of peace above the sky.

21

Sabbath Morning. 8's & 7's M.

Greenville.

Sicilian Hymn.

Morning Song.

- 1 WELCOME, welcome, quiet morning,
Welcome is this holy day ;
Now the Sabbath morn returning,
Says a week has pass'd away.

Let me think how time is passing—
 Soon the longest life departs,
 Nothing human is abiding,
 Save the love of humble hearts.

2 Love to God, and to our neighbor,
 Makes our purest happiness ;
 Vain the wish, the care, the labor,
 Earth's poor trifles to possess.
 Swift my life's vain dreams are passing
 Like the startled dove they fly,
 Or the clouds each other chasing,
 Over yonder quiet sky.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee ;
 Give an humble, grateful heart ;
 Never let me cease to praise thee,
 Never from thy fear depart.
 Then, when years have gather'd o'er me,
 And the world is sunk in shade,
 Heaven's bright realm will rise before me ;
 There my treasure will be laid.

ANON.

22

God, the Maker of All.

Calvin.

Wells.

1 Who gave the sun his noon-day light ?
 Who taught the moon to shine by night ?
 Whose hand the arch of heaven unroll'd,
 Thick set with stars like drops of gold ?

2 Could man conceive the vast design ?
 Could he the proud machine combine ?
 Stretch out his hand from pole to pole,
 And bid earth on her centre roll ?

- 3 Could man with all his skill compose
The humblest blade of grass that grows?
Or by his will ordain to be
The smallest insect that we see!
- 4 'T was God who gave creation birth,
Who formed this wondrous globe of earth,
And breathed throughout this mighty whole
The likeness of a living soul.
- 5 Bow then to God—O all that live!
To God eternal praises give!
Who fashioned by his mighty hand,
Sun, moon, and stars—the sea and land.

FOLLEN.

23

The Works of God. C. M.

Hummel.

Dedham.

- 1 THERE is a book who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
- 2 The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God himself is found.
- 3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.
- 4 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see,
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere

21

God in Nature. 7's M.

Alcester.

In the Cottage.

- 1 In each breeze that wanders free,
And each flower that gems the sod,
Living souls may hear and see,
Freshly uttered words from God!
- 2 Had we but a searching mind,
Seeking good where'er it springs,
We should then true wisdom find,
Hidden in familiar things!
- 3 God is present, and doth shine
Through each scene beneath the sky,
Kindling with a light divine,
Every form that meets the eye.
- 4 But the soul, when veiled in sin,
And eclipsed with fear and doubt,
From the darkened world within,
Throws its shade on that without.
- 5 While to those who pure in heart.
For the truth their powers employ.
She will constant good impart,
And diffuse perpetual joy.
- 6 If the mind would Nature see,
Let her cherish virtue more;
Goodness bears the golden key,
That unlocks her palace door!

WATERSTON.

25

God's Goodness in flowers. C. M.

Y. L. L.

St. Luke.

- 1 God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree, and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.
- 2 He might have made enough, enough
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have made no flowers.
- 3 Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
And dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
Up springing day and night?
- 4 Our outward life requires them not—
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man;
To beautify the earth.
- 5 To comfort man—to whisper hope
Where'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will care much more for him!

MISS HOWITT.

26

God in Creation. L. M.

Ward.

Children's Anthem; S. S. Minstrel.

- 1 THERE 's not a leaf within the bower;
There 's not a bird upon the tree;
There 's not a dew-drop on the flower,
But bears the impress, Lord, of thee.

- 2 Thy hand the varied leaf designed,
And gave the bird the thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drop's tints combined,
Till like the diamond's blaze they shone.
- 3 Yes, dew-drops, leaves, birds and all,
The smallest, like the greatest things,—
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
Alike proclaim the King of kings.
- 4 But man alone to bounteous heaven
Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise,
To favored man alone 'tis given
To join the angelic choir of heaven.

MRS. OPIE.

27

Power of God. C. M.

Mear.

Medfield

- 1 ALMIGHTY God! thy gracious power
On every hand I see;
O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all my thoughts to thee!
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, I speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there my footsteps lead
Thy love my path surround.
- 3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God I see;
And all the blessings I receive,
Ceaseless proceed from thee

- 5 In all the varying scenes of time,
 On thee my hopes depend ;
 Through every age, in every clime,
 My Father and my Friend !
-

28

God, the Creator. S. M.

St. Thomas.

Dover.

- 1 How wond'rous is this frame,
 As I its parts survey ;
 These hands, these feet, this body, came
 But from a mass of clay.
- 2 And in this fair machine
 Dwells an immortal mind,
 Placed here by some great hand unseen,
 For some great end designed.
- 3 Before thy gracious throne,
 Thou condescending Lord,
 I bend the knee, and humbly own
 Thy name should be adored.
- 4 'T was thou who gav'st me breath,
 Who bad'st me live and move ;
 O may I bless thy name till death,
 Then worship thee above.

ANON.

29

Parental Character of God. S. M.

Laban.

Shirland.

- 1 My Father ! cheering name !
 O may I call thee mine !

Give me the humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

2 This can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly ;
What real harm can reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye ?

3 Whate'er thy will denies,
I calmly would resign ;
For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
O bend my will to thine !

4 Thy ways are little known
To my weak, erring sight ;
Yet shall my soul, believing, own
That all thy ways are right.

5 My Father ! blissful name !
Above expression dear !
If thou accept the humble claim,
I bid adieu to fear.

30

God, our Father. L. M.

Hebron.

Bonnie Doon.

1 GREAT God ! and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my friend ?
I but a child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

2 Art thou my Father ?—Let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee ;
And try, in every deed and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought

- 3 Art thou my Father?—I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.
- 4 Art thou my Father?—Then, at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me, in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

ANON.

 31
Goodness of God. L. M.

4 .bron.

Bonnie Doon.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, by thy great power,
I hail again the morning hour;
How fair the green fields meet my eyes!
How sweet the birds sing in the skies!
- 2 How fresh appear the hills and trees!
And O! how pure the morning breeze:
I bless thy love in all I see,
For were not these things made for me?
- 3 Not me alone—for thou hast given
Thy good to all beneath the heaven;
And I rejoice that others share
The gift, the blessing, and the prayer.
- 4 And though a child and weak I be,
I yet may bend myself to thee,
And join my feeble voice to raise
A simple hymn of grateful praise.

ANON.

32

Goodness of God. L. M.

Bonnie Doon.

Hebron.

- 1 God, thou art good ! each perfumed flower,
The smiling fields, the dark green wood,
The insect fluttering for an hour,—
All things proclaim that God is good.
- 2 I hear it in the rushing wind ;
The hills that have for ages stood ;
And clouds with golden colors lined,
Are all repeating, God is good.
- 3 Each little rill, that many a year
Has the same verdant path pursued,
And every bird, in accents clear,
Joins in the song that God is good,
- 4 And countless are the blazing stars,
That sing his praise with light renewed ;
The rising sun each day declares,
In rays of glory, God is good.
- 5 The moon that walks in brightness, says,
That God is good ! and we, endued
With power to speak our Maker's praise,
Will still repeat that God is good.

FOLLEN.

33

Goodness of God. C. M.

Ydolem.

Hummel.

- 1 THERE 's not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that grows,
But God has plac'd it there.

- 2 There 's not of grass a simple blade,
Or leaf of lowliest mien,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
- 3 There 's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumes the spreading earth ;
There 's not a cloud, or dark, or bright,
But mercy gave it birth.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, and sing his name,
And all his praise rehearse,
Who spread abroad earth's glorious frame,
And made the universe.

34
Goodness of God. C. M.

Mear.

Peterboro

- 1 LORD, I would own thy tender care,
And all thy love to me ;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestow'd by thee.
- 2 'Tis thou preservest me from death
And dangers every hour :
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless thou giv'st the power.
- 3 My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given ;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.
- 4 Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay ;
But may it be my daily prayer
To love thee and obey.

WATTS

35

Goodness of God. C. M.

Ydolem.

Ballerna.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
 - 2 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
 - 3 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
 - 4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.
-

36

God is Love. 8, 8, 6's M.

Ganges.

Coolidge, S. S. S. B.

- 1 O God! thy boundless love we praise;
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 'Tis love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds in air upborne,

Their genial drops distil :
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 It robes in cheerful green the ground,
And pours its flowery beauties round,
Whose sweets perfume the gale ;
Its bounties richly spread the plain,
The blushing fruit, the golden grain,
And smiles in every vale.

4 But in thy word we see it shine
With grace and glories more divine,
Proclaiming sins forgiven ;
There faith, bright cherub, points the way
To realms of everlasting day,
And opens all her heaven.

5 Then let the love that makes us blest,
With cheerful praise inspire our breast,
And ardent gratitude ;
And all our thoughts and passions tend
To thee, our Father and our Friend,
Our soul's eternal good.

ANON.

37

God's Power and Presence. 6l. L. M.

Eaton.

Brighton.

1 THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine

- 2 When day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into heaven,
 Those hues that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
 O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
 Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
 Is sparkling with unnumbered dyes,
 That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
 So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
 Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
 And every flower that summer wreathes
 Is born beneath thy kindling eye.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things bright and fair are thine.

T. MOORE.

38

God Everywhere. L. M.

Ward.

Bonnie Doon.

- 1 FATHER and Friend, thy light, thy love,
 Beaming through all thy works, we see ;
 Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
 And all the earth is full of thee.
- 2 Thy voice we hear, thy presence feel,
 Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
 Involved in clouds, invisible,
 Reignest the Lord of life and light.
- 3 We know not in what hallowed part
 Of the wide heavens thy throne may be :

But this we know,—that where thou art,
Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with thee

4 And through the various maze of time,
And through the infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
And all thy wond'rous footsteps trace.

5 Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
Sustained by this delightful thought,—
Since thou, their God, art everywhere,
They cannot be where thou art not.

BOWRING.

39

Omnipresence of God. C. M.

Ballerma.

Woodstock

1 To THEE, my God, my days are known
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thy face,
Nor are my faults forgot.

2 Each secret breath devotion vents
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
 And in thy view I die;
 And when each mortal bond is broke,
 Shall find my God is nigh.

DODDRIDGE.

40

Omnipresence of God. L. M.

Calvin.

Ward

- 1 THERE is an unseen power around,
 Existing in the silent air;
 Where treadeth man, where space is found,
 Unheard, unknown, that power is there
- 2 In proud Belshazzar's gilded hall,
 'Mid music, lights and revelry,
 That present spirit looked on all,
 From crouching slave, to royalty.
- 3 When sinks the pious Christian's soul,
 And scenes of trouble daunt his eye,
 He hears it whisper'd through the air,
 "A power of mercy still is nigh."
- 4 That power which watches, guides, defends
 Till man becomes a lifeless sod,
 Till time shall pass—pass earthly friends,—
 That omnipresent power—is God.

ANON

41

Omniscience of God. C. M.

Peterboro'.

Ballermans

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try

To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 O, wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still.
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sov'reign love.

WATTS.

62

God seeth us. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron

1 AMONG the deepest shades of night,
Can there be one who sees my way?
Yes, God is like the shining light,
That turns the darkness into day.

2 When every eye around me sleeps,
May I not sin without control?
No, for a constant watch he keeps
On every thought of every soul.

3 If I could find some cave unknown,
Where human feet have never trod,
Yet there I could not be alone;
On every side, there would be God.

- 4 He smiles in heaven, he rules in hell ;
He fills the air, the earth, the sea ;
I must within his presence dwell,
I cannot from his presence flee.

TEACHER'S MANUAL.

43

Providence of God. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerm.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

COWPER.

44

God our Shepherd. 11's M.

Frederick. Sweet Home. Lord's Prayer; S. S. S. B.

1 THE Lord is my shepherd; no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures; safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of afflictions my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more!

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
above.

MONTGOMERY.

45

Song of the Angels. 8's & 7's M.

Vesper Hymn.

Greenville.

1 HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

2 Listen to the wond'rous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;

"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven;
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

4 "Christ is born, the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O receive, whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest and King."

5 Let us learn the wond'rous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

CAWOOD

46

Birth of Christ. 7's & 6's M.

Missionary Hymn. Atterbury. Yarmouth.

1 HAIL! to the Lord's anointed '
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 Before him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

For him shall prayer unceasing,
 And daily vows ascend;
 His kingdom still increasing,
 A kingdom without end.

- 3 O'er every foe victorious,
 He on his throne shall rest,
 From age to age more glorious,
 All-blessing and all-blest.
 The tide of time shall never
 His covenant remove;
 His name shall stand forever;
 That name to us is—Love!

MONTGOMERY

47

Teaching of Jesus. L. M.

Huntington; S. S. S. B.

Hebron.

- 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
 From lips of gentleness and grace,
 When listening thousands gathered round,
 And joy and reverence filled the place!
- 2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
 To heaven he led his followers' way;
 Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
 Unveiling an immortal day.
- 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
 Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
 Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
 Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

BOWRING.

48

Jesus a Divine Teacher. C. M.

Hear.

Ydolem.

- 1 SEE from on high a light divine,
On Jesus' head descend ;
And hear the sacred voice from heaven,
That bids us all attend.
- 2 "This is my well-beloved Son,"
Proclaimed the voice divine ;
"Hear him," his heavenly Father said,
"For all his words are mine."
- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom taught to man,
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high,
Where all his faithful followers here,
Shall live no more to die.

49

Jesus Welcomed. L. M.

Clark ; S. S. S. B. Children's Anthem ; S. S. M.

- 1 WHAT are those soul-reviving strains,
Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
What anthems loud, and louder still.
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill ?
Lo ! 't is an infant chorus sings
Hosanna to the King of kings ;
The Saviour comes ! and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.

- 2 Oh! what sweet music, what a song
 Sounds from this bright and happy throng!
 Sweet song, whose melting sounds impart
 Joy to each raptured, listening heart.
 Nor these alone their voice shall raise,
 For we will join this song of praise;
 Still Israel's children forward press
 To hail the Lord their Righteousness.

 50
Jesus Welcomed. S. M.

Laban.

Shirand.

- 1 How sweet the infant song,
 As to the city's gate
 The blessed Jesus rode along
 In humble, peaceful state!
- 2 Hosannas filled the air,
 And branches strewed the plain!
 And thus, like welcome they prepare
 Within the Jewish fane.
- 3 Such be his welcome here!
 And such the hymn we raise,
 Till all the young for Christ appear
 And thus perfect his praise.
- 4 Then from all infant tongues
 Shall praise be lisp'd in love;
 Then shall their sweetest, noblest songs
 Be joined with those above.

L. G. PRAY.

51

Jesus Welcomed. 7's & 6's.

Summer; S. S. S. B.

Atterbury.

- 1 WHEN his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name.
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He bade them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon the throne;
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Might well hosanna raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No! while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

52

Jesus our Leader. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die?

Who, O God, my guide shall be?
Who shall lead thy child to thee?

2 Blessed Father, gracious one!
Thou hast sent thy holy Son;
He will give the light I need,
He my trembling steps will lead.

3 Through this world, uncertain, dim,
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom draw,
Make his life my solemn law.

4 Thus in deed, and thought, and word,
Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
In my weakness, thus shall I
Learn to live, and learn to die.

5 Learn to live in peace and love,
Like the perfect ones above;—
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, near.

FURNESS.

53

Jesus our Shepherd. C. M.

Hammel.

Ydolem.

1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds the tender lamb.

2 He'll lead us to the heavenly streams,
Where living waters flow;
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.

3 When wandering from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near,
To guide us lest we stray.

4 The feeblest lamb amidst the flock,
Shall be the Shepherd's care ;
While folded in the Saviour's arm,
We 're safe from every snare.

54

Love to Jesus. L. M.

Ward.

Calvin.

1 WHEN Jesus Christ was here below,
And spread his works of love abroad,
If I had lived as long ago,
I think I should have loved the Lord.

2 Jesus, who was so very kind,
Who came to pardon sinful men,
Who heal'd the sick, and cur'd the blind—
O! must I not have lov'd him then?

3 But where is Jesus?—is he dead?
O no! he lives in heaven above;
“And blest are they,” the Saviour said,
“Who, tho' they have not seen me, love.”

J. TAYLOR.

55

Jesus loved. C. M.

Hummel.

Ydolem.

1 Jesus, I love thy glorious name;
'Tis music to my ear;

Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My treasure and my trust ;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet ;
Not to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last faltering breath ;
Then speechless give my soul to thee,
The conqueror of death.

DODDRIDGE.

56

Rejoicing Christian. 7's M.

Alcester.

In the Cottage.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

- 4 Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

57

Example of Christ. C. M.

Ballerma.

Stevens.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labored for their good.
- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"
- 5 Be Christ our pattern and our guide !
His image may we bear !
O, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

ENFIELD

58

Example of Christ. L. M.

Hebron.

Orford.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 3 O how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight:
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright!
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love:
If then we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.
- 6 O, may we, then, who own him Lord,
And his loved name on earth profess,
By all our words and actions prove
That we his holy mind possess.

MRS. STEELE.

59

Example of Christ. L. M.

Uxbridge.

Calvin.

- 1 WHEN in my heart rise angry thoughts,
And on my tongue are words unkind,
With what strong chains, by what blest art,
Shall I my wicked temper bind?
- 2 How shall I check the passion fierce
My youthful bosom finds so strong?
Which bids me utter words that pierce,
And seek to do my brother wrong?
- 3 O, meek and peaceful Jesus! then
To thee, to thee my soul shall turn:
I will look up from earth and men;
To copy thee, my soul shall learn.
- 4 Remembering thee, thou gentle one,
How mildly thou didst bear all wrong,
The sin of anger I shall shun,
Nor find my temper stubborn long.
- 5 A holy spell thy name shall be,
The memory of thy peaceful life,
And I will straightway think of thee,
Whene'er my sins would rise in strife.

TEACHER'S MANUAL.

60

Example of Christ. L. M.

Hebron.

Calvin.

- 1 FATHER of our exalted Lord!
I read my duty in his word:
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2 Faithful his mission to fulfil ;
 Resigned to all his Father's will ;
 His love and meekness how divine !
 I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
 Witnessed the fervor of his prayer ;
 The desert his temptations knew,
 His conflicts and his victory too.
- 4 He is my pattern ! may I bear
 More of his gracious image here :
 Then shall I find my humble name
 Among the followers of the Lamb.

61
Example of Christ. 8 & 7's M.

Sicilian Hymn.

Morning Song.

- 1 JESUS Christ, my Lord and Saviour,
 Once became a child like me ;
 O that in my whole behavior
 He my pattern still may be.
- 2 If my feelings are not holy,
 Pride and passion dwell within ;
 But the Lord was meek and lowly,
 And was never known to sin.
- 3 While I'm often vainly trying
 Some new pleasure to possess,—
 He was always self-denying,
 Patient in his worst distress.
- 4 Lord, assist a feeble creature,
 Guide me by thy word of truth ;
 Condescend to be my teacher
 Through my childhood and my youth.

62

Example of Christ. 7's M.

In the Cottage.

Watchman, &c.

- 1 JESUS, when a little child,
 Taught us what we ought to be ;
 Holy, harmless, undefiled,
 Was the Saviour's infancy.
 And the Father's glory shone
 In the person of his Son.
- 2 As in age and strength he grew,
 Heavenly wisdom filled his breast ;
 Crowds attentive round him drew,
 Wondering at their infant guest ;
 Gazed upon his beaming face,
 Saw him full of truth and grace.
- 3 In his heavenly Father's house
 Jesus loved to spend his days ;
 There he paid his solemn vows,
 There proclaimed his Father's praise.
 Thus it was his lot to gain
 Favor both with God and man
- 4 Father, guide our steps aright,
 In the way that Jesus trod :
 May it be our chief delight
 To obey thy will, O God !
 Then to us shall soon be given
 Endless bliss with Christ in heaven.

PORTS. COLL

63

Sufferings of Christ. C. M.

Ballerma.

Stevens

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,
 With pious grief improve,

The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.

- 2 O what a love was here displayed—
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught.
- 3 Let not his sacred truths by us
Be lost and misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
That 't was for us he died.
- 4 Let all, his sacred law fulfil;
Like his be every mind;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

64

Death of Christ. S. M.

Laban.

Olmütz.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight—
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!
- 2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that piercing smart,
And meet that various scorn?
- 3 For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'T was love that bow'd his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

- 4 I see, and I adore
 In sympathy of love ;
 I feel the strong, attractive power
 To lift my soul above.
- 5 In thee our hearts unite,
 Nor share thy griefs alone,
 But from thy cross pursue their flight
 To thy triumphant throne.

DODDRIDGE.

65

Cross of Christ. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Morning Song.

- 1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.
- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
 Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
 Light and love upon my way,
 From the cross the radiance streaming
 Adds more lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
 By the cross are sanctified ;
 Peace is there that knows no measure,
 Joys that through all time abide.

BOWRING.

66

Resurrection of Christ. S. M.

Shirland.

Laban.

- 1 THE Lord is risen indeed !
And are the tidings true ?
Yes, we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.
- 2 The Lord has risen indeed !
Then death has lost his prey ;
With him shall rise the ransomed seed
To reign in endless day.
- 3 The Lord is risen indeed !
Attending angels, hear ;
Up to the courts of heaven, with speed
The joyful tidings bear.
- 4 Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all the bright celestial choirs
To sing our risen Lord.

KELLY.

67

Invitation of Jesus. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c.

Alcester.

- 1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Soon may bear the proud world's scorn—
Ye, who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain.

- 3 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear !
- 4 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. BARBAULD.

68

Invitation of Jesus. S. M.

Laban.

Shirland.

- 1 SEE Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all-engaging charms ;
See how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.
- 2 " Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried ;
" Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide."
- 3 O let this little flock,
We children seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

DODDRIDGE.

69

Presence of Jesus. L. M.

Ward.

Oxford.

- 1 SUN of my soul ! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;

O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast,
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

KEBLE.

70

Christ's care of Children. 8 & 7's.

Greenville.

Morning Song.

- 1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;—
- 2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm ;
There, we know,—thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.
- 3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way

- 4 Then within thy fold eternal,
 Let them find a resting-place ;
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,
 Drink the rivers of thy grace.

ANON.

71

Gratitude for the Gospel. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron.

- 1 We sing thy mercy, God of love !
 That sent the Saviour from above,
 To free our race from sin and wo,
 And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
 We thank thee that he lived and taught
 Frail and imperfect man, to be,
 In humble mode, resembling thee.
- 3 We thank thee for thy gracious care,
 That kept those sacred pages fair
 Through every age, whose lines record
 The deeds and precepts of the Lord.

72

Gratitude for the Gospel. C. M.

St. Luke.

Medfield

- 1 I THANK the goodness and the grace
 Which on my birth have smiled,
 And made me in these Christian days
 A free and happy child.
- 2 I was not born, as millions are,
 Where God was never known,

And taught to pray a useless prayer
To blocks of wood and stone.

3 My God ! I thank thee, who hast planned
A better lot for me,
And placed me in this happy land,
Where I may hear of thee.

4 Help me to serve thee every day,
Whilst thou shalt give me breath,
And grant that while on earth I stay,
I may prepare for death.

73

Invitation of Jesus. P. M.

Will you go ? Sunday School, S. S. S. Book.

1 "LET children come !" so Jesus said,
Let them come ! let them come !
His holy hands on them are laid,
As they come, as they come.
O suffer them to come ! he cries,
Let none forbid, let none despise ;
Of such the heavenly kingdom is,—
Let them come ! let them come !

2 Come unto me, the Saviour cries,
Children, come ! children, come !
Flee folly's path ; be early wise ;
O, now come ! O, now come !
Sit at my feet, and learn of me,
Patient and meek, and lowly be ;
Deny yourselves and follow me,—
Children, come ! children, come !

3 Yes, blessed Saviour ! at thy call,
We will come ! we will come !

To follow thee, forsaking all ;
 Now we come ! now we come !
 Implant thy Spirit in each heart,
 Thy truth, and love, and peace impart !
 Thus to be with thee where thou art,
 We will come ! we will come !

BARTON SQUARE COIL.

74

Remembrance of Christ. C. M.

Stevens.

Ballerna.

- 1 If human kindness meets return,
 And owns the grateful tie ;
 If tender thoughts within us burn,
 To feel a friend is nigh ;—
- 2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
 The gratitude we owe
 To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
 Our more than orphan's woe !
- 3 While yet his anguish'd soul survey'd
 Those pangs he would not flee ;
 What love his latest words display'd,—
 " Meet and remember me !"
- 4 Remember thee ! thy death, thy shame,
 Our sinful hearts to share !
 O memory ! leave no other name
 But his recorded there !

B. BARTON.

75

The Bible. C. M.

Ydolem.

Hummel.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
 What endless glory shines !

Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Treasures beyond what earth can grant
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around ;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O may these heavenly pages be
Our study and delight ;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near ;
Teach us to love thy sacred word,
And view our Saviour there.

MRS. STEELE.

76

The Bible. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Sicilian Hymn.

1 Oh ! our Father, what a treasure
We possess in thy dear word !
There we read, with holy pleasure,
Of the love of Christ our Lord.

2 That blest word reveals the Saviour
All his children deeply need ;
Oh ! what mercy, love and favor,
That for sinners Christ should bleed.

- 3 Oh! the blessedness of knowing
 Christ the tender Saviour's love,
 Freely on a child bestowing
 Grace and mercy from above.
- 4 May that Book be ever prized
 Far above our earthly toys;
 All beside should be despised,
 While we seek its heaven-born joys.
-

77

The Bible. L. M.

Orford.

Ward.

- 1 THERE is a stream whose gentle flow,
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
 And watering our divine abode.
- 2 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls;
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
-

78

The Bible. C. M.

Hummel.

Ydolem.

- 1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic as the sun;
 It gives a light to every age;
 It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat;
 Its truths upon the nations rise—
 They rise, but never set.

3 Let endless thanks, O God, be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
The paths of truth and love;
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above.

COWPER.

79

The Bible. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron.

- 1 God, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'T is here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts
To form our minds, to cheer our hearts;
Its influence makes the sinner live;
It bids the drooping saint revive.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls;
It brings a better world to view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart, and near my eye,
Till life's last hour my soul engage,
And be my chosen heritage.

6*

BEDDOME

80

The Bible. C. M.

Hummel.

Peterboro'.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And, through the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

WATT .

81

The Success of the Bible. C. M.

Dedham.

Medfield.

1 THY gracious aid, great God, impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write all its precepts on the heart,
 And deep its truths impress.

2 O speed our progress in the way
 That leads to joys on high,

Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

82

The Soul. C. M.

Hummel.

Ballerma.

- 1 How beautiful the setting sun !
The clouds how bright and gay !
The stars, appearing one by one,
How beautiful are they ! B
- 2 And when the moon climbs up the sky,
And sheds her gentle light,
And hangs her crystal lamp on high.
How beautiful is night !
- 3 And can it be I am possessed
Of something brighter far !
Glowe there a light within this breast
Outshining every star !
- 4 Yes : should the sun and stars turn pale,
The mountains melt away,
This flame within shall never fail,
But live in endless day.
- 5 This is my soul, that God has given,—
Sin may its lustre dim,
Religion bears it up to heaven,
And leads it back to him.

FOLLEN.

83

Early Piety. C. M.

Ballerna.

Medfield.

- 1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb :
- 2 Remember thy Creator, God !
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.
- 3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.
- 4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heavenly truth ;
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

SALISBURY COLL.

84

Early Piety. S. M.

Laban.

Shirland.

- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The follies of our mind
Be banished from this place ;

Religion never was designed
To make our pleasure less

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew the Lord;
But children of the heavenly King,
Should sound his praise abroad.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every fear put by;
We're marching through Emanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

WATTS.

85

Early Piety. C. M.

Hummel.

Marlow.

1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

4 According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

86

Early Piety. 7's & 6's.

'Morning light is breaking.' Atterbury. Yarmouth.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator

While youth's fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age's night;
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator,

Before the dust returns
 To earth, its kindred nature,
 And life's last ember burns,—
 Before, with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear,—
 He cries, who died to save it,
 "Thy great Creator fear."

ANON.

87

Early Piety. C. M.

Ballerma.

Woodstock.

1 BY cool Siloam's shady rill

How sweet the lily grows!
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill,
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2 LO, such the child whose early feet,

The paths of peace have trod,
 Whose heart, inspir'd with influence sweet,
 Is upward drawn to God.

- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
 The lily must decay;
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill
 Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
 Of man's maturer age
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
 And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O Thou! who giv'st us life and breath,
 We seek thy grace alone,
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
 To keep us still thine own.

HEBER.

88

Early Piety. C. M.

St. Luke.

Hummel.

- 1 O, in the morn of life, when youth
 With vital ardor glows,
 And shines in all its fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose;—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's glorious name
 And character engraved.
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
 The sunshine of thy days,
 And cares and toils, in endless round,
 Encompass all thy ways;—
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
 With vain regret, deplores,

And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest:
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

EPIS. COLL.

Early Piety. S. M.

Olney.

Laban

- 1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.
- 2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the paths of future life
Command thy light to shine.
- 3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive,
And, when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.
- 4 O, let us never tread
The broad, destructive road,
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

ANON.

90

Early Piety. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerna.

- 1 WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth ;
Like us, unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below,
In wisdom's paths of peace !
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.
- 3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed ;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blest.
- 4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we forever lie !

ANON.

91

Early Piety. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron.

- 1 IN Israel's fane, by silent night,
The lamp of God was burning bright ;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke ;
" Samuel ! " it called, and thrice it spoke ;

He rose ; he asked whence came the word ;
From Eli ? No,—it was the Lord.

3 Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod ;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

4 Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days,
Incline our hearts to love thy ways ;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear ;
Speak, Lord, to us ; thy servants hear.

CAWOOD.

92

Early Piety. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c.

In the Cottage.

1 HEAR ye not a voice from heaven,
To the listening spirit given ?
“ Children, come ! ” it seems to say,
“ Give your hearts to me to-day.”
Sweet as is a mother's love,
Tender as the heavenly Dove,
Thus it speaks a Saviour's charms,
Thus it wins us to his arms.

2 Lord, we will remember thee,
While from pains and sorrow free,
While our day is in its dew,
And the clouds of life are few.
Then, when night and age appear,
Thou wilt chase each doubt and fear,
Thou our glorious leader be,
When the stars shall fade and flee.

S. S. MINSTREL.

93

Early Piety. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerm

- 1 WHEN children give their hearts to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis better far, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
For sinners, who grow old in sin,
Are hardened by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.
- 4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
May we our hearts resign ;
'T will please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.
- 5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ our youngest breath ;
Thus we're prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

94

Early Piety. H. M.

Claremont.

Bethesda.

- 1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,

At every word he spoke,
 How much did he rejoice :
 O blessed, happy child, to find
 The God of heaven so near and kind !

2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be,
 Oh, how would I attend ;
 The smallest sin I then would fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.

3 And does he never speak !
 O yes ; for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God that Samuel heard.
 In almost every page I see,
 The God of Samuel calls to me.

4 Like Samuel let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
 " Speak, Lord, I would obey
 The voice that Samuel heard ;"
 And when I in this place appear,
 Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.

95

Invitation to Early Piety. 7's M.

' Watchman, tell us,' &c. In the Cottage.

1 " LITTLE children, come to me ;"
 This is what the Saviour said ;
 Little children, come and see,
 Where those blessed words are read.

2 Thus ye hear the Saviour speak ;
 " Come ye all, and learn of me,

I am gentle, lowly, meek ;"
So should little children be.

3 When our Saviour from above
From his Father did descend,
Taken in his arms of love,
Children saw in him their friend.

4 Jesus little children blest ;
Blest in innocence they are ;
Little children, thus caressed,
Praise him in your infant prayer !

FOLLEN.

96

Devotion. C. M.

Hummel.

Brattle Street.

1 WHILE Thee we seek, protecting Power !
Be our vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,
To thee our thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er our lives has flowed ;
That mercy we adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand we see !
Each blessing to our souls more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns our days,
In every pain we bear,
Our hearts shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings our favored hour,
 Thy love our thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower
 Our souls shall meet thy will.

6 Our lifted eyes, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear ;
 Those hearts shall rest on thee !

MRS. WILLIAM /

97

The Lord's Prayer. 11's M.

Frederick.

Home, sweet, &c

- 1 OUR Father in Heaven,
 We hallow thy name !
 May thy kingdom holy
 On earth be the same !
 O, give to us daily
 Our portion of bread ;
 It is from thy bounty
 That all must be fed.

- 2 Forgive our transgressions,
 And teach us to know
 That humble compassion
 That pardons each foe ;
 Keep us from temptation,
 From weakness and sin,
 And thine be the glory,
 Forever, Amen.

98

Prayer. C. M.

Ballerma.

Woodstock

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That glows within the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of the eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The ears of God on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

MONTGOMERY.

99

Prayer. C. M.

Ballerma.

Hummel.

- 1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray
As I am taught to do,
God will not answer what I say,
Unless I feel it too.
- 2 Some idle play, or childish toy,
Can send my thoughts abroad ;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek the Lord.

- 3 O, let me never, never dare
 To act the trifler's part,
 Or think that God will hear a prayer
 Which comes not from the heart.
- 4 But if I make his ways my choice,
 As holy children do,
 Then while I seek him with my voice,
 My heart will love him too.

100

Prayer. P. M.*Sunrise.*

Belknap, S. S. S. Book

- 1 SWEET is the place of praise,
 And sweet the hour of prayer!
 Gild then thy days with these,—
 Their blessings share.
 To hold communion sweet with God,
 To follow where the Saviour trod,
 Are priceless gifts for us to use,—
 Never to abuse.
 Sweet is the place of praise, &c.
- 2 When joy is round thy way,
 And peace thy breast shall fill,
 To God then grateful pray,
 And praise him still.
 Where'er ye go, where'er ye be,
 In all ye feel, in all ye see,
 Remember Him who gives ye all—
 And leaves the proud to fall
 When joy is round thy way, &c.
- 3 Should sorrow be thy lot,
 And tears thy path bedew,
 Think not that you're forgot,—
 God cares for you.

Then flee to Him in love and trust,
 Relieve your heart, that else would burst;
 In praise most high, in prayer most deep,
 Lay all your fears to sleep.
 Should sorrow be thy lot, &c.

4 O pray to Him always—
 In youth, and age, and death!
 A Christian's prayer and praise
 Are vital breath.
 In these he lives, in these should die
 And pass to immortality;
 The only way to heaven and God,
 Th' one by Jesus trod.
 O pray to Him always, &c.

L. G. PRAY

101

Prayer. 7 & 6's M.

Atterbury. Missionary Hymn. Yarmouth.

- 1 Go, when the mornin^g shineth,
 Go, when the moon is bright,
 Go, when the eve declineth,
 Go, in the hush of night;
 Go, with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.
- 2 Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim,
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

3 Or, if 't is e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
 When friends are round thy way;
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Thy spirit rais'd above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

4 Oh ! not a joy nor blessing
 With this can we compare,
 The power that he hath given us
 To pour our souls in prayer!
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before his footstool fall,
 Remember, in thy gladness,
 His love who gave thee all.

EDIN. MAG.

102

Prayer for Wisdom. C. M.

Hummel.

Brattle Street.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
 To thee our souls we lift;
 Do thou our waiting minds prepare
 For thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
 Along our path to flow;
 We ask not undecaying health,
 Nor length of years below.
- 3 We ask not honors, which an hour
 May bring and take away;
 We ask not pleasure, pomp, nor power,
 Lest we should go astray.

4 We ask for wisdom ;—Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before thee give.

5 The young remember thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways !

MONTGOMERY.

103

Prayer for Guidance. L. M.

Calvin.

Old Hundred.

- 1 GREAT God ! our Father and our Friend,
On whom we cast our constant care,
On whom for all things we depend,
To thee we raise our humble prayer.
- 2 Endue us with a holy fear ;
The frailty of our hearts reveal ;
Sin and its snares are always near—
Thee may we always nearer feel.
- 3 Oh ! that to thee each constant mind
May with a steadfast love aspire ;
And each the earliest motion find,
And check the rise of wrong desire.
- 4 Oh ! that our watchful souls may fly
The first perceived approach of sin ;
Look up to thee when danger's nigh,
And feel thy fear control within.
- 5 Search, gracious God ! each inmost heart ;
From guilt and error set us free ;
Thy light, and truth, and peace, impart,
And guide us safe to heaven and thee.

104

Prayer for Guidance. S. M.

Olney.

Shirland.

- 1 Now in my early days
Teach me thy will to know :
O God, thy sanctifying grace
On me, thy child, bestow.
 - 2 Make an unguarded youth
The object of thy care ;
Help me to choose the way of truth
And fly from every snare.
 - 3 My heart, to folly prone,
Strengthen by power divine ;
Unite it to thyself alone,
And make me wholly thine.
 - 4 To what thy laws impart,
Be my whole soul inclin'd ;
O ! let them dwell within my heart,
And sanctify my mind.
 - 5 May thy young servant learn
By these to cleanse his way ;
And may I here the path discern
That leads to endless day.
-

105

Prayer for Guidance. S. M.

Olney.

Lalton.

- 1 O God ! our strength : our hope !
On thee we cast our care ;
With humble confidence look up
To thee who hearest prayer.

- 2 Grant us on thee to wait.
The work assigned fulfil ;
O may it all our powers engage
To do our Father's will.
- 3 Grant us a sober mind,
A quick, discerning eye,
The first approach of sin to find,
And all temptations fly.
- 4 A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 5 Thy will may we pursue ;
To thee in all things rise ;
And all we think, and say, and do,
Be one great sacrifice.
- 6 Fill us with godly fear,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh ! thy servants, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

WESLEY'S COLL. ALTERED.

106

Prayer for Guidance. 8 & 7's M. 6 l.

Morning Song.

Greenville.

- 1 LEAD us, Heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea ;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but thee.
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

- 2 Spirit of our God, descending,
 Fill our hearts with heavenly joy,
 Love with kind affections blending—
 Pleasures time can never cloy.
 Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
 Nothing shall our peace destroy.

107

Prayer for Inward Life. 6's M.

Alps, S. S. S. B.

S. S. M. p. 39.

- 1 I FEEL within a want,
 Forever burning there ;
 What I so thirst for, grant,
 O thou, who hearest prayer.
- 2 This is the thing I crave,
 A likeness to thy Son ;
 This would I rather have,
 Than call the world my own.
- 3 Like him, now in my youth
 I long, O God, to be,
 In tenderness and truth,
 In sweet humility.
- 4 'T is my most fervent prayer,
 Be it more fervent still ;
 Be it my highest care,
 Be it my settled will.

FURNESS.

108

Devout Affections. 7's M. 6 l.

'Watchman, tell us,' &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
 Make me teachable and mild ;
 Upright, simple, free from art,
 Make me as a weaned child ;
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

- 2 What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave.
 'Tis enough that thou wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?

- 3 As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone,—
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard and Guide.

J. NEWTON.

109

Devout Affections. S. M.

Olney.

Laban.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
 Will those who err instruct,
 And to the paths of righteousness
 Their wandering steps conduct.
- 2 The humble soul he guides ;
 Teaches the meek his way :

Kindness and truth he shows to all
Who his just laws obey.

3 Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt;
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

PATRICK.

110

Devout Affections. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerna.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return—
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

- 5 So shall my walk be close with God;
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

COWPER.

111

Watchfulness. C. M.

Ballerma.

Woodstock

- 1 I WANT a principle within
 Of zealous, godly fear;
 A sensibility of sin;
 A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire;
 To catch the wandering of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 Quick as the apple of my eye,
 O God, my conscience make!
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

C WESLEY.

112

Conscience. 7's M.

'Watchman, tell,' &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 WHEN a foolish thought within
 Tries to take us in a snare,
 Conscience, tells us, "it is sin,"
 And entreats us to beware.
- 2 In the morning when we rise,
 And would fain omit to pray,

"Child, consider," conscience, cries,
 "Should not God be sought to-day?"

3 When our angry passions rise,
 Tempting to revenge an ill;
 "Now subdue it," conscience, cries,
 "Do command your temper still."

4 Thus, without our will or choice,
 This good monitor within,
 With a secret, warning voice,
 Warns us to beware of sin.

ANON.

113

Sin. L. M.

Hebron.

Calvin.

- 1 We sin, whenever we pursue
 What God commands us not to do;
 We sin too, if we ever shun
 What he hath told us must be done.
- 2 Thus have we often sinned, and still
 Offend against his holy will:
 We know our duty, but the heart
 Will from its sacred rules depart.
- 3 O let us then confess our sin,
 And all the faults we hide within;
 And let the erring heart deplore
 Its follies, and do wrong no more.
- 4 If we sincerely now repent,
 And trust in him whom heav'n hath sent,
 He will remove the threatening rod,
 And bear us to the arms of God.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

114

Self-Examination. L. M.

Ward.

Wells.

- 1 BEFORE we close our eyes to-night
O, let us each these questions ask;
Have we endeavored to do right,
Nor thought our duty but a task?
- 2 Have we been gentle, lowly, meek,
And the small voice of conscience heard?
When passion tempted us to speak,
Have we repressed the angry word?
- 3 Have we with cheerful zeal obeyed
What our kind parents bade us do?
And not by word or action said
The thing that was not strictly true?
- 4 In hard temptation's troubled hour,
Then have we stopped to think and pray
That God would give the soul the pow'r
To chase the sinful thought away?
- 5 O Thou! who seest all my heart,
Do thou forgive and love me still;
Do thou to me new strength impart,
And make me love and do thy will.

FOLLEN.

115

The Narrow Path. C. M.

Hummel.

Bailerma

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God;
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.

3 While the broad road where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair ;
And many turn aside, we know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest our feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be our guide,
And we shall never stray.

PORTS. COLL.

116

Repentance.

Woodstock.

Stevens.

1 O 't is a folly and a crime
To put religion by ;
For now is the accepted time,—
To-morrow we may die.

2 Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind ;
The longer we neglect to pray,
The less we feel inclined.

3 Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until the dying day ;
Then they would give a world of gold
To have an hour to pray.

4 O then, lest we should perish thus,
We would no longer wait ;
For time will soon be past with us,
And death will fix our state.

117

Penitence. 7's M.

'Watchman, tell us,' &c.

Pleyel's Hymn.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song ;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mis-spent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent :
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief, and shame, we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

J. TAYLOR.

118

Praise. 7's M.

In the Cottage.

Wilmot.

- 1 PRAISE to God ; oh ! let us raise
From our hearts a song of praise ;

Of that goodness let us sing
Whence our lives and blessings spring.

2 Praise to Him who made the light,
Praise to Him who gave us sight!
Praise to Him who formed the ear!
He our humble praise will hear.

3 Praise Him for our happy hours;
Praise Him for our varied powers;
For these thoughts that soar above;
For these hearts he made for love.

4 For the voice he placed within,
Bearing witness when we sin;
Praise to Him whose tender care
Keeps the watchful guardian there!

5 Praise the mercy that did send
Jesus for our guide and friend:
Praise Him, every heart and voice,
Him who makes the world rejoice.

FOLLEN.

119

Praise. 7's M.

Wilmot.

In the Cottage.

1 GLORY to our heavenly King!
Bounteous Parent! thee we sing;
Gratitude the strain inspires,
Humble hopes, sincere desires.

2 God of glory! God of love!
Lord of all the worlds above!
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for every good

- 3 More than all we praise thee, Lord,
 For the blessings of thy word ;
 For the tidings Jesus brought,
 For the precepts Jesus taught.
- 4 Gracious Father ! Heavenly King !
 Feeble lips presume to sing ;
 Infant voices humbly raise
 Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

120

Praise. 7's & 6's M.

Yarmouth.

Atterbury.

- 1 THE seraphs bright are hovering
 Around the throne above,
 Their harps are ever tuning
 To thrilling tones of love.
 Or through the azure soaring,
 Or poised on snowy wing,
 With glowing hearts adoring,
 Sweet choral notes they sing.
- 2 From earth is daily rising
 A rich, harmonious song ;
 From sunny perfumed flowers,
 By breezes borne along,
 From hills in sunlight glittering,
 From smooth, deep emerald seas,
 A cloud of praise is rising,
 Like incense on the breeze.
- 3 And childhood's voice is chanting
 A full, harmonious song,
 When morning light is breaking,
 Or evening sweeps along.
 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,

The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosanna raise.

121

Praise. 7's M.

· Watchman, tell us,' &c. In the Cottage.

1 HEAVENLY Father! mighty Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail! celestial goodness, hail!

2 Though unworthy of thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

3 While ordained on earth to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way;
Till we come to dwell with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

4 Then with angel harps again,
Let us wake a nobler strain:
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our triumphant voices raise.

122

Praise. L. M.

Hebron.

Calvm.

1 GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong:
I would begin my life with praise.
Till growing years improve the song.

- 2 'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on Christian ground,
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.
- 3 Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire !
I rest my faith upon that word
Which bids my soul to heaven aspire.
- 4 Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast marked my way to heaven,
Nor let me run the road to death,
And waste the blessing thou hast given

123

Faith. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron.

- 1 'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night ;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies ;
She makes the pearly gates appear ;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, or tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;

His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

WATTS.

124

Faith. P. M.

Belknap, S. S. S. Book.

Sunrise.

1 BLEST is the child of Faith,
That puts its trust in God ;
Observes what Jesus saith,
And where he trod ;
Who feels the truth his lips revealed,
By dying love so firmly sealed ;
Whose path so plain, so straight whose way,
It leads to endless day.
Blest is the child of faith, &c.

2 Father ! thy children here
The path of life would see ;
Would hold all sin in fear,
Through faith in thee.
For thou the way, dost know the best,
To make thy children truly blest ;
As Jesus lov'd, obeyed thee too,
So lead us all to do.
Father ! thy children here, &c.

L. G. PRAY.

125

Trust in God. C. M.

Woodstock.

Heber

1 Now that my journey's just begun,
My road so little trod,
I'll come, before I further run,
And give myself to God.

- 2 What sorrows may my steps attend,
I never can foretell ;
But if the Lord will be my friend,
I know that all is well.
- 3 If all my earthly friends should die,
And leave me mourning here,
Since God can hear the orphans cry,
O what have I to fear ?
- 4 If I am poor, he can supply,
Who has my table spread ;
Who feeds the ravens when they cry,
And fills his poor with bread.
- 5 If I am rich, he'll guard my heart,
Temptation to withstand ;
And make me willing to impart
The bounties of his hand.
- 6 But, Lord, whatever grief or ill
For me may be in store,
Make me submissive to thy will,
And I would ask no more.

126

Filial Affection. 7's M.

'Glory to our,' &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 How can those, who daily share
A father's and a mother's care,
From their precepts go astray,
When they know they should obey ?
- 2 Dearest parents, ne'er believe
I would give you cause to grieve ;
How could I so thankless be
To God, who spares both you and me ?

127

Filial Affection. C. M.

Marlow.

Ballerna.

- 1 How kind, my parents, O, how kind,
Are all thy ways to me ;
The tokens of thy love I find,
Wherever I may be.
- 2 Before I lisped thy honored names,
Thou fed'st and held me up ;
And now when older, stronger grown,
Thy blessings fill my cup.
- 3 Thy tender care hath trained my heart
To duty and to God ;
O may I ne'er from these depart,
Or leave the heavenly road.
- 4 Let me observe thy every law,
Your kindness to repay ;
Becoming wiser year by year,
And better day by day.

L. G. PRAY.

128

Brotherly Love. 7's M.

Watchman, &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 God of love, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Son agree ;
Show to us the Prince of Peace,
Bid our jars forever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;

Each to each unite, endear,
Come and spread thy banner here.

3 Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind ;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

4 Let us for each other care ;
Each the other's burden bear ;
To thy church the pattern give,
Show how true believers live.

5 Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness.

6 Let us then with joy remove
To the family above ;
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

WESLEY'S COLL.

— — —

129

Brotherly Love. C. M.

Ydolem.

Hummel.

1 FATHER in heaven ! we thank the care
That planned our lot on earth,
Made us each other's love to share,
By ties of kindred birth.

2 In youth our sports, our studies one ;
Our loves at home the same ;
Abroad we ne'er can feel alone,
If warmed by such a flame

- 3 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
 Together taught to go ;
 Our pleasures one, a happy band,—
 Or one in scenes of woe.
- 4 Since God such ties has round us thrown,
 To make us happy here,—
 O let no want of love be shown,
 To cause a single tear.
- 5 Thus happy live, thus happy die,
 In union sweet below,
 That when to other worlds we fly,
 To higher joys may go.

L. G. PRAY.

130

Brotherly Love. C. M.

Claremont.

Beza.

- 1 How beautiful the sight
 Of brethren who agree,
 In friendship to unite,
 And bonds of charity !
 'T is like the precious ointment, shed
 O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.
- 2 'T is like the dews that fill
 The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
 Or Zion's fruitful hill,
 Bright with the drops of showers,
 When mingling odors breathe around,
 And glory rests on all the ground.
- 3 For there the Lord commands
 Blessings a boundless store,
 From his unsparing hands,—
 Yea, life for evermore.

Thrice happy they, who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

MONTGOMERY.

131

Thy Neighbor. C. M.

Ballerma.

Marlow.

- 1 Who is thy neighbor? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless;
Whose aching heart, or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor! it is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.

132

Christian Love. C. M.

Marlow.

Hummel.

- 1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.
- 2 O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye.
And joy from heart to heart.

3 Free us from envy, scorn, and pride ;
 Our wishes fix above :
 May each his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow ;
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir to heaven that finds
 His bosom glow with love.

SWAIN.

133

Charity. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c. Alcester. In the Cottage.

1 Lord, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altar when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;

2 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control,
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast.

3 Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind,
 Charity, with liberal store.

4 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind ;
 Thus the accepted offering bring,
 Love to thee and all mankind.

134

Charity. C. M.

Woodstock.

Stevens.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove,
And form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' wo!
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 O be the law of love fulfilled
In every act and thought;
Each angry passion far removed,
Each selfish view forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
With this kind, social grace,
And in one grasp of fervent love,
All heaven and earth embrace.

DODDRIDGE.

135

Kindness to Animals. C. M.

Dundee.

Mear.

- 1 TURN, turn, the hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm:
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Required a God to form.

- 2 The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.
- 3 The sun, the moon, the stars he made,
To all his creatures free ;
And spreads o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.
- 4 Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive ;
O do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

GISBORN.

136

Forgiveness of Injuries. C. M.

Ydolem.

Hummel.

- 1 WHEN, for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore his injuries.
- 2 He was insulted every day,
Though all his words were kind ;
But nothing men could do or say
Disturbed his heavenly mind.
- 3 Not all the wicked scoffs he heard,
Against the truths he taught,
Excited one reviling word,
Or one revengeful thought.
- 4 And when upon the cross he bled,
With all his foes in view,
" Father, forgive their sins," he said ;
" They know not what they do "

- 5 Dear Jesus, may I learn of thee
My temper to amend ;
And speak the pardoning word for me,
Whenever I offend.

J. TAYLOR.

137

Gratitude. S. M.

Shurland.

- 1 My Maker and my king !
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.
- 4 The creature of thine hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.
- 5 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine .
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

MRS. STEELE

138

Gratitude. 8, 8, 6's M.

Ganges.

Aithlona.

- 1 GREAT Source of unexhausted good,
Who giv'st us health, and friends, and food,
And peace, and calm content ;
Like fragrant incense, to the skies,
Let songs of grateful praises rise,
For all thy blessings lent.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy providence attends our way,
To guard us and to guide ;
Thy grace directs our wandering will,
And warns us, lest seducing ill
Allure our souls aside.
- 3 Thy smiles, with a reviving light,
Cheer the long, darksome hours of night,
And gild the thickest gloom ;
Thy watchful love, around our bed
Doth softly, like a curtain, spread,
And guard the peaceful room.
- 4 To thee our lives, our all, we owe,
Our peace, and sweetest joys below,
And brighter hopes above ;
Then let our lives, and all that 's ours,
Our souls, and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.
- 5 Thus, gracious Father ! thee we praise ;
And with our feeble songs, we raise
To bless thee and adore,
Some spark of heavenly fire impart
And teach each humble, grateful heart,
To bless and love thee more.

EXETER COLL.

139

Resignation. C. M.

Ballerma.

'How sweet,' &c.

- 1 How sweet to be allowed to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God! thy will be done.
- 2 We in these sacred words can find
A cure for every ill,
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.
- 3 O let that will, which gave me breath
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.
- 4 O teach my heart the blessed way
To imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to pray,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

FOLLEN.

140

Humility. 7's M.

'Watchman,' &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 In a modest humble mind,
God himself will take delight;
But the proud and haughty find
They are hateful in his sight.
- 2 Jesus Christ was meek and mild,
And no angry thoughts allowed;
O shall then a little child
Dare to be perverse and proud?

3 This indeed should never be ;
 Lord, forbid it, we entreat ;
 Grant that all may learn of thee
 That humility is sweet.

4 Make it shine in every part ;
 Fill us with this heavenly grace ;
 For the youngest, tender heart
 Surely is its proper place.

J. TAYLOR.

141

Humility. 7's M.

Glory to our,' &c.

In the Cottage

1 COME, ye young, and do not spurn,
 From a little flower to learn,—
 See the lily on the bed,
 Hanging down its modest head.

2 Let your temper be as sweet
 As the lily at your feet ;
 Be as gentle, be as mild ;
 Be a modest, simple child.

3 For humility will last,
 Fair and sweet, when beauty's past ;
 And the Saviour, from above,
 Views a humble child with love.

J. TAYLOR

142

Youthful Example. C. M.

Ballerna.

Ydolem.

1 WHAT if a little drop should say,
 So small a drop as I,

Can ne'er refresh these thirsty fields,
I'll tarry in the sky!

2 What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day!

3 Doth not each rain drop help to form
The cool refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

4 Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord, to truth and thee;
Then shall its pow'r by all be felt,
However small it be.

SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

143

Death. L. M.

Orford.

Ward.

1 How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

- 4 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 How blest the righteous when he dies!

MRS. BARBAULD.

144

Death. 11's M.

Frederick.

Hinton.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay,
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
 I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb !
 Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.
- 2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God ?
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
 plains,
 And the noontide of glory eternally reigns :
- 3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
 Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet ;
 While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
 And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

145

Death. S. M.

Laban.

Boylston.

- 1 THE lilies of the field,
 That quickly fade away,
 May well to us a lesson yield ;
 For we are as frail as they.

- 2 Just like an early rose,
I've seen an infant bloom ;
But death, perhaps, before it blows,
Will lay it in the tomb.
- 3 Then let us think on death,
Though we are young and gay ;
For God, who gave our life and breath,
Can take them both away.
- 4 To God, who made them all,
Let children humbly fly :
And then, whenever death may call, -
They 'll be prepared to die.

146

Eternity. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerma.

- 1 How long sometimes a day appears !
And weeks are long as they !
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are fleeting by,
And soon must all be gone ;
For day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.
- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'T will always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God ! although we cannot tell
How such a thing can be ;
We humbly pray that we may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

147

Judgment. C. M.

Woodstock.

Stevens.

1 AND must I be to judgment brought,
 To answer in that day
 For every wicked, idle thought,
 And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
 Shall shortly be made known,
 And I receive my just desert
 For all that I have done.

3 How careful then ought I to live!
 With what religious fear!
 Who such a strict account must give
 For my behavior here.

4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
 Thy watchful power bestow,
 So shall I to my ways take heed,
 To all I speak or do.

5 If now thou standest at the door,
 O let me feel thee near!
 And make my peace with God, before
 I at thy bar appear.

148

Immortality. C. M.

Dundee.

Ballerna.

1 SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
 Bridal of earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou, alas! must die.

- 2 Sweet rose ! in air whose odors wave,
 And color charms the eye,
 Thy root is even in its grave,
 And thou, alas ! must die.
- 3 Sweet spring ! of days and roses made,
 Whose charms for beauty vie,
 Thy days depart, thy roses fade,
 Thou too, alas ! must die.
- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
 Hath tints that never fly ;
 While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
 This lives, and cannot die.

HERBERT.

149

Heaven. C. M.

St. Luke.

Marlow.

- 1 HARK ! from that glorious world, what songs
 Those heavenly voices raise ;
 Ten thousand thousand infant tongues
 Unite in perfect praise.
- 2 Those are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey ;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.
- 3 This is the joy we ought to seek,
 And make our chief concern ;
 For this we come from week to week
 To read, and hear, and learn.
- 4 Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay ;

Children and teachers, one by one,
Must droop and pass away.

- 5 Great God ! impress the serious thought
This day on every breast ;
That both the teachers and the taught
May enter to thy rest.

150

The Heavenly Sabbath. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there 's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.
- 2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place
No groans shall mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.
- 3 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy .
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death and sin,
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine ?

DODDRIDGE

151

Heaven. C. M.

Hummel.

Ydolem.

- 1 JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end
In joy, and peace, and thee!
- 2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

152

Heaven. L. M.

Oxford.

Hebron.

- 1 O when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest,
'Tis glory opening to the blest.
- 2 Their way to heaven was pure from sin,
And Christ shall there receive them in;
There each shall wear a robe of light,
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 There, parted hearts again shall meet,
In union holy, calm and sweet;
There grief find rest, and never more
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

- 4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,
 No voice of passion enter there ;
 But all be peaceful as the sigh
 Of evening gales, that breathe and die.
- 5 For there the God of mercy sheds
 His purest influence on their heads,
 And gilds the spirits round the throne
 With glory radiant as his own.

WM. B. O. PEABODY.

153

Heaven. 7's M.

• Watchman, tell, &c. In the Cottage.

- 1 PROVIDENCE, profusely kind,
 Wheresoe'er you turn your eyes,
 Bids you, with a grateful mind,
 View a thousand blessings rise.
- 2 But, perhaps, some friendly voice
 Softly whispers to your mind,
 Make not these alone your choice,
 Heav'n has blessings more refin'd.
- 3 Thankful own what you enjoy ;
 But a changing world like this,
 Where a thousand fears annoy,
 Cannot give you perfect bliss.
- 4 Perfect bliss resides above,
 Far above yon azure sky :
 Bliss that merits all your love,
 Merits every anxious sigh.

154

Spring. 7's M.

Alcester.

In the Cottage

1 HAIL! reviving, joyous spring,
Smiling through thy veil of showers!
Birds and brooks thy welcome sing:
Haste, and waken all thy flowers.

2 Hark! a sweet pervading sound
From the breathing, moving earth:
Life is starting all around,
Sending joy and fragrance forth.

3 There is not a silent thing
In this joyous company:
Woods, and hills, and valleys ring
With a shout of jubilee.

4 Wake, my spirit! art thou still?
Senseless things have found a voice;
Shall this throbbing heart be still
When all nature cries rejoice!

5 Join the grateful, happy throng,
Cast each selfish care away;
Birds and brooks shall tune your song;
This is nature's holiday.

FOLLEN.

155

Spring. 8 & 7's.

Greenville.

Morning Song.

1 Lo! the bright, the rosy morning
Calls me forth to take the air;
Cheerful spring, with smiles returning
Ushers in the new-born year.

- 2 Vernal music, softly sounding,
Echoes through the verdant grove ;
Nature now, with life abounding,
Swells with harmony and love.
- 3 Now the kind, refreshing showers
Water all the plains around ;
Springing grass and painted flowers
In the smiling meads abound.
- 4 Praise to thee, thou great Creator !
Praise be thine from ev'ry tongue !
Join my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.

156

Spring. C. M.

Marlow.

St. Luke.

- 1 WHILE verdure clothes the fertile vale,
And blossoms on the spray,
And fragrance breathes in every gale,
How sweet the vernal day !
- 2 How kind the influence of the skies !
Soft showers, with blessings fraught,
Bid verdure, fragrance, beauty rise,
And fix the roving thought.
- 3 O let my wandering heart confess,
With gratitude and love,
The bounteous hand, that deigns to bless
The garden, field and grove.
- 4 That bounteous hand my thoughts adore,
Beyond expression kind,
Hath sweeter, nobler gifts in store,
To bless the craving mind.

- 5 Inspired to praise, I then shall join
 Glad nature's cheerful song ;
 And love and gratitude divine
 Attune my joyful tongue.

MRS. STEELE.

157

Summer. 7 & 6's M.

The morning light,' &c. Atterbury. Yarmouth.

- 1 'T is summer, glorious summer,—
 Look to the glad green earth,
 How from her grateful bosom
 The herb and flower spring forth ;—
 These are her rich thanksgivings,
 The incense floats above !
 Father ! what may we offer !
 Thy chosen flower is love.

- 2 'T is summer, blessed summer,—
 The lofty hills are bright ;
 All nature's fountains sparkle,—
 Shall ours have lesser light ?
 No ! bid each spirit praise Him,
 Who hangs on every tree
 A thousand living lyres,
 Awaking harmony.

- 3 'T is summer in our bosoms,
 When youthful snares we fly,
 And strength and peace are given
 By angel ministry.
 'T is summer in yon heaven,
 Where, teachers, ye shall know
 While time shall last, the blessedness
 Wrought by your love below.

MISS SIMES.

158

Autumn. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Mt. Vernon.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground—
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
In a loud and solemn sound,—
- 2 “ Youth, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread—
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 “ What though yet no losses grieve you,
Gay with health and many a grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you ;
Summer gives to autumn place.
- 4 “ Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of shortest stay,
O receive our kindly warning,—
Heaven and earth shall pass away.
- 5 “ On the tree of life eternal,
O, let all your hopes be laid ;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears a leaf that shall not fade.”

BISHOP HORNE.

159

Close of the Year. C. M.

Woodstock.

Stevens.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;

I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.

2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain.

3 Awake, my soul with all thy care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?

4 Now a new space of life begins,
Set out afresh for heaven ;
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
Through Christ so freely given.

5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heavenly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

BROWNE

160

Old or New Year. L. M.

Ward.

Hebron.

1 My helper God ! I bless thy name ;
The same thy power, thy grace the same ;
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open and crown, and close the year.

2 I midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

- 3 Thus far thy arm hath led me on ;
 Thus far I make thy mercy known ;
 And, while I tread this desert land,
 New blessings shall new songs demand.

DODDRIDGE. ,

161

New Year. 7's M.

Pleyel's Hymn.

Benevento.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little, none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past, receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view ;
 Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

NEWTON.

162

New Year. 7's M.

Pleyel's Hymn.

Benevento.

- 1 **See**, another year is gone !
Quickly have the seasons past ;
That we enter now upon
Will to many prove the last ;
Mercy hitherto has spared ;
But have mercies been improved ?
Let us ask, are we prepared,
Should we be this year removed ?
- 2 **Some**, we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun :
While we pray, and while we hear,
Help us, Lord, each one to think
Vast eternity is near ;
We are standing on the brink !
- 3 **If** from guilt and sin we 're free,
By the knowledge of thy grace ;
Welcome then the call will be
To depart and see thy face :
To the good, while here below,
With new days, new mercies come,
But the happiest day they know,
Is their last, which leads them home.

NEWTON.

163

Death of a Pupil. C. M.

Woodstock.

Stevens

- 1 DEATH has been here and borne away
A brother from our side ;
Just in the morning of *his* day,
As young as we, *he* died.
- 2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod ;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 3 May each attend with willing feet,
The means of knowledge here ;
And wait around thy mercy-seat,
With hope as well as fear.
- 4 All needful strength is thine to give ;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.
- 5 Then to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days ;
Content to live and serve thee here
Or die and sing thy praise..

164

Death of a Pupil. 8 & 7's.

Greenville.

Mt. Vernon.

- 1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet infant voice has fled,
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear school-mate now is dead.

- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
 For our friend is happy now ;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
 Where the blessed angels bow.
- 3 *She* has gone to heaven before us,
 But *she* turns and waves her hand,
 Pointing to the glories o'er us,
 In that happy spirit land.
- 4 May our footsteps never falter
 In the path that *she* has trod ;
 May we worship at the altar
 Of the great and living God.
- 5 Lord, may angels watch above us,
 Keep us all from error free—
 May they guard, and guide, and love us.
 Till, like *her*, we go to Thee.

WATERSTON.

165

On the Death of a Teacher. C. M.

Woodstock.

Ballerma.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friend ! a long farewell,
 For we shall meet no more,
 Till we are raised with thee to dwell
 On Zion's happy shore.
- 2 Our friend and *sister*, lo ! is dead !
 The cold and lifeless clay
 Has made in dust its silent bed,
 And there it must decay.
- 3 Farewell, dear friend, again farewell,
 Soon we shall rise to thee :
 And when we meet no tongue can tell
 How great our joys shall be.

- 4 No more we'll mourn thee, parted friend,
 But lift our ardent prayer,
 And every thought and effort bend
 To rise and join thee there

166

Missionary Hymn. 7 & 6's M.

Atterbury.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle!
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile;
 In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown;
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.
- 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high—
 Shall we to men benighted,
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O Salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name.

HEBER.

167

Triumph of Truth. L. M.

Oxbridge.

Truro.

- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

WATTS

168

Patriotic Hymn. 6 & 4's M.

America.

Italian Hymn.

- 1 My country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died ;
Land of the Pilgrim's pride ;
From every mountain's side
Let Freedom ring !
- 2 My native country ! thee—
Land of the noble free—

Thy name I love ;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our Fathers' God ! to Thee—
 Author of Liberty !
 To Thee we sing ;
 Long may our land be bright
 With Freedom's holy light ;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King !

169

Temperance Hymn. 6 & 4's M.

America.

Italian Hymn.

- 1 LET the still air rejoice—
 Be every youthful voice
 Blended in one :
 While we renew our strain,
 To Him with joy again,
 Who sends the evening rain,
 And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
 Each flower and plant that lives.
 Each sunny rill ;

Springs ! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains ! our lips to greet—
Waters ! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.

3 Each summer-bird that sings,
Drinks from dear nature's springs,
Her early dew ;
And the refreshing shower,
Falls on each sunny flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.

4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth ;
Then shall the song we raise,
Be heard in future days,—
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.

5 Now let each heart and hand,
Of all this youthful band,
United, move !
Till on the mountain's brow.
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

PIERPONT

170*Anniversary Hymn. 8 & 7's M.*

Air—Go, forget me.

1 WELCOME, welcome is the greeting
Which this day we give our friends ;
Happy, happy be the meeting
Providence so kindly lends.

Love of souls the richest treasure,
 Casting out each earth-born fear,
 Let the smile of social pleasure
 Gleam o'er all the objects here.

- 2 Like the sun, your feelings glowing,
 Clothe these hours so blest in light,
 So like him, when thou art going,
 Leave behind a radiance bright :
 Rays of brilliant thoughts to quicken,
 Beams to warm the soul with love,
 That when clouds of sorrow thicken,
 They may lure to worlds above.

L. G. PRAY.

171

Anniversary Hymn. 7 & 6's M.

'When morning light,' &c.

Atterbury

- 1 THE season's happy voices,
 From forest, field and flood,
 Now when the earth rejoices,
 With spring's awakening good,—
 From lowland, hill and river,
 Go up in songs of praise ;
 And ours, to life's great Giver,
 In unison we raise.
- 2 We thank him for these meetings,
 From noise and care away,
 For all the kindly greetings
 Which meet us here to-day,
 The scene now spread before us,
 Those friends whom we should love,—
 His goodness round and o'er us,—
 His teachings from above :—

- 3 The Bible he has given,—
 Its promises and peace,—
 Its pure and perfect heaven,
 Where sorrowing shall cease;
 For all that makes our being
 Worth having here below,
 To Him, the one All-seeing,
 Our full hearts overflow.
- 4 Delight we here to gather,
 From all our quiet homes,
 To learn thy will, our Father,
 From whom all wisdom comes,
 To drink the blessed spirit
 Of Jesus, thy dear Son,
 That so we may inherit
 The kingdom he has won.

DR. E. BARTLETT.

172

Anniversary Hymn.

Pray, S. S. S. Book. 'Away to School,' &c.

- 1 THE *Sunday School*, with joy so full,
 We love it more and more;
 Its precious hours refresh our powers,
 With strength unknown before.
 Here truths from purest fountains brought;
 Here JESUS' bright example taught;
 We're led to love,—to look above,
 Where we so soon shall soar.
- 2 Our *Teachers* true, we turn to you,
 As guides beloved and kind;
 In youth and age, on memory's page,
 Our thanks shall stand enshrined.
 And when 'mid life's gay scenes we stray,
 Where duties call, where passions play

Your counsels wise shall ever rise,
Like guards around the mind

- 3 Our *Pastor* kind, we 're e'er inclined
To hear your gladsome voice ;—
And fondly cling to truths you bring,
They make our hearts rejoice.
And when these youthful days are past,
To riper joys and scenes we 'll haste,—
We 'll gather where the good appear,
And make their ways our choice.
- 4 Our *Parents* dear, we 're glad you 're here,
And bring the smiles of home ;
Why do you stay from school away ?
We wish you 'd oftener come.
We love this place ;—then as we rise,
The church,—our homes,—then heaven
prize,
Each has a charm, to wake and warm,
And bid us thither roam.
- 5 To THEE ! ALL-WISE ! our praises rise.
Our gratitude and love ;
Thy kindly arm saves us from harm,
Oh ! still our guardian prove ;
And when, at last, thou call'st us home.
May teacher,—pastor,—parent, come,
With us to share our Father's care,
In fairer worlds above.

FRANCIS BROWN.

173

*Anniversary Hymn. C. M.**'Auld Lang Syne,' &c.*

- 1 SHALL those our teachers be forgot,
Whose voice and look benign,
First drew us to the Sabbath School,
And taught us there, lang syne?
O was not that lang syne, my friends,
O was it not lang syne?
But still we thank and bless them all,
For teaching us lang syne.
- 2 Some of those voices death hath hushet
And closed those kindly eyen,
That were so cheering to our hearts
When we were sad lang syne.
O was not that lang syne, my friends?
It was indeed, lang syne;
And heavenly hymns those voices sing
That sung with us, lang syne.
- 3 Nor be our present friends forgot,
Who work the gospel mine,
Where Christ and his apostles dropped
The gems of truth, lang syne.
O that was lang, lang syne, my friends,
Yes, that was lang, lang syne;
But still those gems are just as bright
As were they lang, lang syne.
- 4 O Father! with those gems, more rich
Than gold or silver fine,
Be all our spirits crowned, as were
Thy Son's and saints', lang syne.
They've worn their crowns lang syne, O God,
They've worn their crowns lang syne;
O help us tread the paths they trod,
While serving thee, lang syne.

PIERPONT

174

Anniversary Hymn. 8 & 7's M.

Morning Song.

Greenville.

- 1 LORD, we come to seek thy blessing,
Objects of thy tender care ;
Ev'ry good on earth possessing,
If thy favor we but share.
- 2 Nature speaks in all her beauty,
Of the hand that fashion'd her ;
So must we, by love and duty,
All our gifts to thee refer.
- 3 Our kind Parents cluster round us,
Whom for us thou dost provide ;
They with arms of love surround us,
Now to cheer and now to guide.
- 4 Here are Pastor, Teachers, Bible,
Means of light and happiness ;
O that we may ne'er be idle,
While we seek those things that bless.
- 5 Here the Sunday School and Temple,
Throw their doors for us apart,
Train'd to be both true and gentle,
Wise in mind, and pure in heart.
- 6 On this joyful, blest occasion,
We our hearts would lift to Thee ;
Catch the tones of soft persuasion,—
Happy, true, and thoughtful be.

L. G. PRAY

175

Rural Celebration. 6 & 7's M.

Yarmouth.

Atterbury.

1 COME, when the leaves are greenest,
Come, in the flush of light,
Come, when the air is sweetest,
Come, when the flowers are bright;
Come, leave thy cares behind thee,
Lay all thy books away,
And let the green fields find thee,
Devout, and pure, and gay.

2 Here study every feature—
Here read in every line—
In every plant and creature,
That Nature's book 's divine;
That God has made in beauty
The world in which we live,
To teach us of our duty,
To know him, and believe.

3 O feel that God is speaking
In every breeze that blows,—
In hues the clouds are streaking,—
In every stream that flows;
O hear him in the singing
That swells the groves among,—
And in the grateful humming
Of every insect throng.

4 O see him on the mountain,—
And hear him in the rill;
Speaking from every fountain,
And vocal in the hill;
The planets in their rising,
Him day and night proclaim,—
While every season changing,
Attests his glorious name.

- 5 Then when the leaves are greenest,
 And skies are flush with light ;
 Then when the air is sweetest
 And all the flowers are bright,—
 Come, leave thy cares behind thee,
 Lay all thy books away,—
 Here let thy Maker find thee,—
 Here love, adore, and pray.

L. G. PRAY.

176

Rural Celebration. C. M.

‘Auld Lang Syne.’

- 1 YE friends of youth, who stand around
 To bless this happy hour,
 Welcome to this delightful grove,
 To pleasure’s lovely bower :
 And while with joy our voices rise,
 And echo through this pine,
 Let mem’ry take a passing glance
 At days of Auld Lang Syne.
- 2 We read that through this forest once
 The bear and wolf did roam ;
 That here our grandsires pitched their tents,
 Here made their forest home ;
 That o’er the dark blue wave they came,
 And left their friends behind,
 That they might freely worship God
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.
- 3 And now that mem’ry gilds the past,
 And hours of pleasure roll,
 Be virtue, truth, and holiness
 Inscribed upon the soul,—
 Inscribed in words of living flame,
 Which glows in every line,

Revering those who fought and bled
In days of Auld Lang Syne.

- 4 And may this hour inspire our hearts
To cast all sin away,
And every morn to us break forth
A happy, joyful day.
So when our locks, full white with age,
Shall tell of our decline,
With pleasure then may we look back
'To days of Auld Lang Syne.

R. STONE.

177

Rural Excursion. 8 & 7's M.

S. S. Minstrel, p. 10.

Morning Song.

- 1 GATHERED by the hand of kindness,
Where instruction holdeth rule,
While the weeks fulfilled their courses,
We have met in Sunday School.
- 2 But, to-day, we come together,
Where on Nature's face we look ;
Every tree to us a letter,
Every field and grove a book.
- 3 Here we take from leaves our lessons,
Task the insect on the wing ;
And with birds and rippling waters,
Join our voices as we sing.
- 4 Here in cheerful recreation,
Which, to-morrow, won't condemn—
We, to-day, improve the moments,
Knowing wisdom numbers them.
- 5 Thus, along life's checkered wayside,
May we always lessons take,

Which the great Instructor scatters,
For the youth and children's sake.

- 6 So while time and youth are flying,
May we so improve our powers,
As to say, or living, dying,
"We are Christ's, and Christ is ours."
TAPPAN.

178

Rural Celebration. 6 & 4's M.

Italian Hymn.

America.

- 1 OUR Father, nature's God!
At whose controlling nod,
These hills uprose;—
These groves and valleys fair,
Each breeze of fragrant air,
Those buds and flow'rs so rare,
Thy love disclose.
- 2 We came to taste that love,
Which flows from thee above,
On all around;—
Our spirits full of glee,
Panting for liberty,
Seeking in scenes so free
The joy we've found.
- 3 Aid us, great God! to be
True to ourselves and thee,
Where'er we go;—
And on whatever page
We read, from youth to age,
Let us with zeal engage,
Thy will to know.
- 4 And when the fields of heav'n
Are to the faithful given,

In joy to roam ;—
 O then the blissful throng,
 May we be found among,
 Raising the grateful song
 Of praise—at home.

FRANCIS BROWN.

179

Rural Celebration. 8 & 7's M.

Morning Song.

Greenville.

- 1 HERE we meet with joy together,
 'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
 While the branches make sweet music
 Rustling in the summer breeze.
- 2 Filled with love each heart rejoices,
 Breathing forth the secret prayer ;
 While young children's sweet-toned voices
 Float upon the balmy air.
- 3 Hour of gladness, scene of beauty !
 Radiant all around, above ;
 Speaking to the soul of duty,
 Hope, and faith, and heavenly love.
- 4 Every bosom beats with gladness ;
 Brightly beams each glancing eye ,
 Banish gloomy care and sadness,
 As the hours roll gaily by.
- 5 Now the lengthened shadows stealing,
 Whisper softly, hence away !
 To thy homes with holy feeling
 Hasten, with the sun's last ray.
- 6 Day of happiness and pleasure,
 Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be !
 But mid memory's choicest treasure,
 We will guard and cherish thee

180

Anniversary of Independence. 7 & 6's M.

Missionary Hymn.

Atterbury.

- 1 We come, with joy and gladness,
 To breathe our songs of praise,
 Nor let one note of sadness
 Be mingled in our lays;
 For 't is a hallowed story,
 'This theme of freedom's birth;
 Our fathers' deeds of glory
 Are echoed round the earth.
- 2 The sound is waxing stronger,
 And thrones and nations hear—
 Proud men shall rule no longer,
 For God the Lord is near;
 And he will crush oppression,
 And raise the humble mind,
 And give the earth's possession
 Among the good and kind.
- 3 And then shall sink the mountains,
 Where pride and power are crowned,
 And peace, like gentle fountains,
 Shall shed its pureness round.
 O God! we would adore thee,
 And in thy shadow rest;
 Our fathers bowed before thee,
 And trusted, and were blest.

181

The Sunday School. L. M.

Hebron.

Children's Anthem; S. S. M.

- 1 I LOVE to join the joyful play,
 To sport beside the shady pool,

To watch the birds soar far away ;
But more I love the Sunday School.

2 For there I meet my teacher's smile,
And read and learn the holy book ;
And oh, my heart doth feel the while,
That God is pleased on us to look !

3 And when we bend the knee in prayer,
And hymns to our Redeemer raise,
It seems to me that God is there,
To hear us pray and sing his praise.

4 While others slight this holy day,
And shun the gospel's joyful sound,
Oh, may I cleave to wisdom's way,
And ever in my class be found.

182

The Sunday School. P. M.

Away to School. Sabbath Morning ; S. S. Minstrel.

1 AWAY from home to school we come,
Upon this holy day :
In faith and love, we look above,
And humbly praise and pray ;
O let this hour to God be given !
Let every heart be raised to heaven !
And while in youth, we learn the truth,
May we the truth obey !

2 Our teachers dear, we meet you here,
And share your faithful care ;
O may each heart its thanks impart
In grateful, earnest prayer ;
That God may crown with joys above,
Your patient toils and works of love,

And that at last, life's changes past,
We all may meet you there.

- 3 O let us now devoutly bow
Before our Father's face!
His will adore, his love implore,
To bless us all our days.
And humbly too, let us confess
Our folly and our sinfulness;
Father, forgive! O may we live
More worthy of thy grace!

BARTON SQUARE COLL.

183

The Sunday School. P. M.

'All the week,' &c.

- 1 ALL the week we spend
Full of childish bliss,
Every changing scene
Brings its happiness;
Yet our joys would not be full,
Had we not the Sabbath School.
- 2 Lovely is the dawn
Of each rising day,
Loveliest the morn
Of the Sabbath day;
Then our infant thoughts are full
Of the precious Sabbath School.
- 3 To our happy ears
Blessed news is brought,
Tidings of the work
Love divine has wrought.
Gracious news and merciful,—
How we love the Sabbath School!

4 Teachers, you are kind,
 Thus to point the road,
 Leading us from sin
 To our Father, God.
 May we all be dutiful,
 In the precious Sabbath School.

5 Sweetly fades the light
 Of each passing day ;
 Fairest is the night
 Of the Sabbath day.
 Then our hearts with praise are full
 For the precious Sabbath School.

184

The Sunday School. P. M.

'How sweet is,' &c.

- 1 How sweet is the day,
 When, leaving our play,
 The Saviour we seek !
 The fair morning glows,
 When Jesus arose—
 The best of the week.
- 2 The dear place of prayer—
 Our teachers are there,
 To point us above ;
 Their hearts burn with zeal,
 That children may feel
 The Saviour's kind love.
- 3 To school then we 'll go,
 For surely we know
 Our Sabbaths must end ;
 O, then to the skies
 Redeemed may we rise,
 To Jesus our friend.

185

The Sunday School.

Sunrise.

Belknap; S. S. S. Book.

- 1 SWEET is the place of play,
And sweet our daily toys,
But sweeter far the day
Of sacred joys.
Then hither come ye year by year,
And ever in our class appear,
And love the School, the Church, the Lord,
And God's holy word.
Sweet is the place of play, &c.
- 2 Here, in this happy place,
May we our teachers meet,
To hear their words of grace,
At Jesus' feet.
Oh, who from hence would stay away,
Upon the blessed Sabbath day,
From themes so high, from thoughts so pure,
Ever to endure?
Here, in this happy place, &c.
- 3 Here, with a filial love,
Each child to God may come,
And learn to rise above
For heaven, his home.
Oh, come then, here, where virtues bloom,
And shed around their rich perfume,
And where, like dew-drops on the flower,
Duties gild the hour.
Here, with a filial love, &c.
- 4 Then life shall onward pass,
In this one blest employ,
And conscience, like a glass,
Reflect our joy.

And when, at last, we reach the tomb,
 Our faith shall wreath it with the bloom
 Of that sweet plant that ne'er can die—
 Immortality!

Then life shall onward pass, &c.

L. G. PRAY.

186

The Sunday School. P. M.

Invitation.

'Will you go?'

- 1 THE Sunday School is open to all—
 Will you come? Will you come?
 Yes, thronging at our pastor's call—
 We will come! We will come!
 Children may here that good obtain
 That saves from noxious fear and pain:
 Then let no cause our steps restrain,—
 Hither come! Hither come!

- 2 We hear our gentle teacher's voice—
 Hither come! Hither come!
 As wisdom now should be our choice—
 We will come! We will come!
 For here our hearts with love may burn,
 Of God, of Heaven, of Jesus learn
 From every sin our steps to turn—
 We will come! We will come!

- 3 The daring tempter stands without—
 Will you come? Will you come?
 Pleasure sends up her noisy shout—
 Will you come? Will you come?
 O never let us heed their cry,
 But from their wiles with terror fly
 And passing all our tempters by,—
 Let us come! Let us come!

- 4 Angels will hear the blissful sound—
 We will come! We will come!
 The heart with joy ecstatic bound,—
 We will come! We will come!
 Our Heavenly Father's eye shall see
 That we are where we e'er should be,
 Within his temple gates so free—
 We will come! We will come!

L. G. PRAY.

187

The Sunday School. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Sicilian Hymn

- 1 FATHER, Lord of life and glory,
 Friend of children, hear our lays;
 Humbly would our souls adore thee,
 Sing thy name in hymns of praise.
- 2 We are debtors to thy kindness,
 God of grace and boundless love;
 Thousands wander on in blindness,
 Strangers to the light above.
- 3 But 't is ours to read the pages,
 Where the rays of glory glow,
 And, through everlasting ages,
 We aspire its bliss to know.
- 4 Father, on thy arm relying,
 We would tread this earthly vale;
 Be our life, when we are dying,
 Be our strength, when strength shall fail

188

Thanks for the Sunday School. L. M.
Hebron. Uxbridge.

TEACHERS.

- 1 GREAT God, accept our songs of praise,
Which now with grateful hearts we raise ;
Bless our attempts to spread abroad
The knowledge of our Saviour God.

CHILDREN.

- 2 O Lord, to thee our thanks are due,
For those who here their kindness show,
In pointing out the blessed road
That leads through Christ the way to God.

TEACHERS.

- 3 We claim no merit of our own,
Great God, the work is thine alone !
Thou didst at first our hearts incline
To enter on this work of thine.

CHILDREN.

- 4 Here we are taught to read and pray,
To hear thy word, to keep thy day ;
Lord, here accept the thanks we bring,
Our infant tongues thy praise would sing.

TEACHERS.

- 5 With these dear children we'll unite,
Their songs inspire us with delight ;
Lord, while on earth we sing thy love,
May angels join their notes above.

CHILDREN.

- 6 Great God, our benefactors bless,

TEACHERS.

And crown thy work with great success ;

ALL.

O may we meet around thy throne,
To sing thy praise in strains unknown.

189

Teacher's Hymn. 7's M.

Watchman; S. S. S. B. p. 60. In the Cottage

- 1 **TEACHER!** at the feet of love
Taking thus thy weekly place,
Giving lessons from above,
With a winning voice and face;
In thy patient, pious toil,
In thy humble, holy task,
Who may covet richer spoil?
Who may higher honors ask!
- 2 Anxious that the Shepherd's care,
Staff and rod, the flock shall keep;
Can'st thou cease prevailing prayer?
Can'st thou fold thine arms in sleep?
No! I see thee search the Book,
On whose page is living light;
And I see thee upward look
For the grace to search aright.
- 3 Yes; and while to others thou
Dost life's lessons thus impart,
Hoping *future* harvest, now
Is the harvest in thine heart!
Say not months and years to come,
God will give the golden grain;
Shout a present harvest home!
Fruit for labor, joy for pain.

TAPPAN.

190

Religious Education. S. M.

Laban.

Shirland.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thine hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed ;
Broad cast it o'er the land.
- 2 The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale, by plots 't is found,—
Go forth then everywhere.
- 3 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 4 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stock, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain,
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

MONTGOMERY.

191

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

Hebron.

- 1 ANOTHER day, O Lord, is gone,
Another of thy Sabbaths past ;
Oh ! may each day of duty done,
Be holier, happier than the last.

- 2 And may the teachings of thy word,
 This day received, through life remain ;
 Their gentle influence still afford,
 To soothe each wo, to calm each pain.
- 3 Wilt thou be with us when apart,—
 Together, wilt thou be our stay ;
 And grave upon thy children's heart
 The lessons of this holy day.
-

192

Sunday Evening. L. M.

Luton.

Uxbridge.

- 1 WE 'VE passed another Sabbath day,
 And heard of Jesus and of heaven ;
 We thank thee for thy word, and pray
 That all our sins may be forgiven.
- 2 May all we 've heard and understood,
 Be well remembered through the week,
 And help to make us wise and good,
 More humble, diligent and meek.
- 3 So when our 'lives are finished here,
 And days and Sabbaths shall be o'er,
 May we in heaven in joy appear,
 And love and serve thee evermore.
-

193

Sunday Evening. 7's M.

'Watchman, tell us,' &c.

Alcester.

- 1 SACRED day, forever blest !
 Day of all our days the best !
 Welcome hours of praise and prayer
 Free from toil, fatigue and care !

- 2 Happy, happy, happy, Lord,
Those who hear and read thy word !
Happy those who dwell with thee !
Who thy grace and glory see.
- 3 We once more have heard thy voice,
Lord, in thee our souls rejoice ;
Borne by faith to worlds on high,
Called to reign above the sky.
- 4 Though this day of rest we close,
Still in thee our hearts repose ;
Guide and guard us all our days :
O may all our lives be praise !
-

194

Closing Hymn. 7's M.

Watchman, tell us, &c.

In the Cottage.

- 1 As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same ;
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.
For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 Father, hear our humble prayer ;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
In thy strength may we be strong ,
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long,
Here to meet in peace again.

195

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Luton.

Duke St.

- 1 WHEN to the house of God we go,
To hear his word and sing his love,
To offer praises here below,
With all the saints in heaven above ;
 - 2 Our God is present with us there,
And watches all our thoughts and ways :
Oh ! let us humbly join in prayer,
Let us sincerely sing his praise.
 - 3 Oh ! may we never thoughtless go,
Nor lose the days our God has given ;
But learn, by Sabbaths spent below,
To spend eternity in heaven.
-

196

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Duke St.

Shoek.

- 1 BY Jesus' pure example taught,
May we be led in serious thought,
O Lord, in early life, to see
And seek our happiness in thee.
- 2 May our young minds and memories be
Here trained to early piety ;
And may our hearts and all our days
Be thus devoted to thy praise.

197

Closing Hymn. L. M.

Old Hundred.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise.
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
-

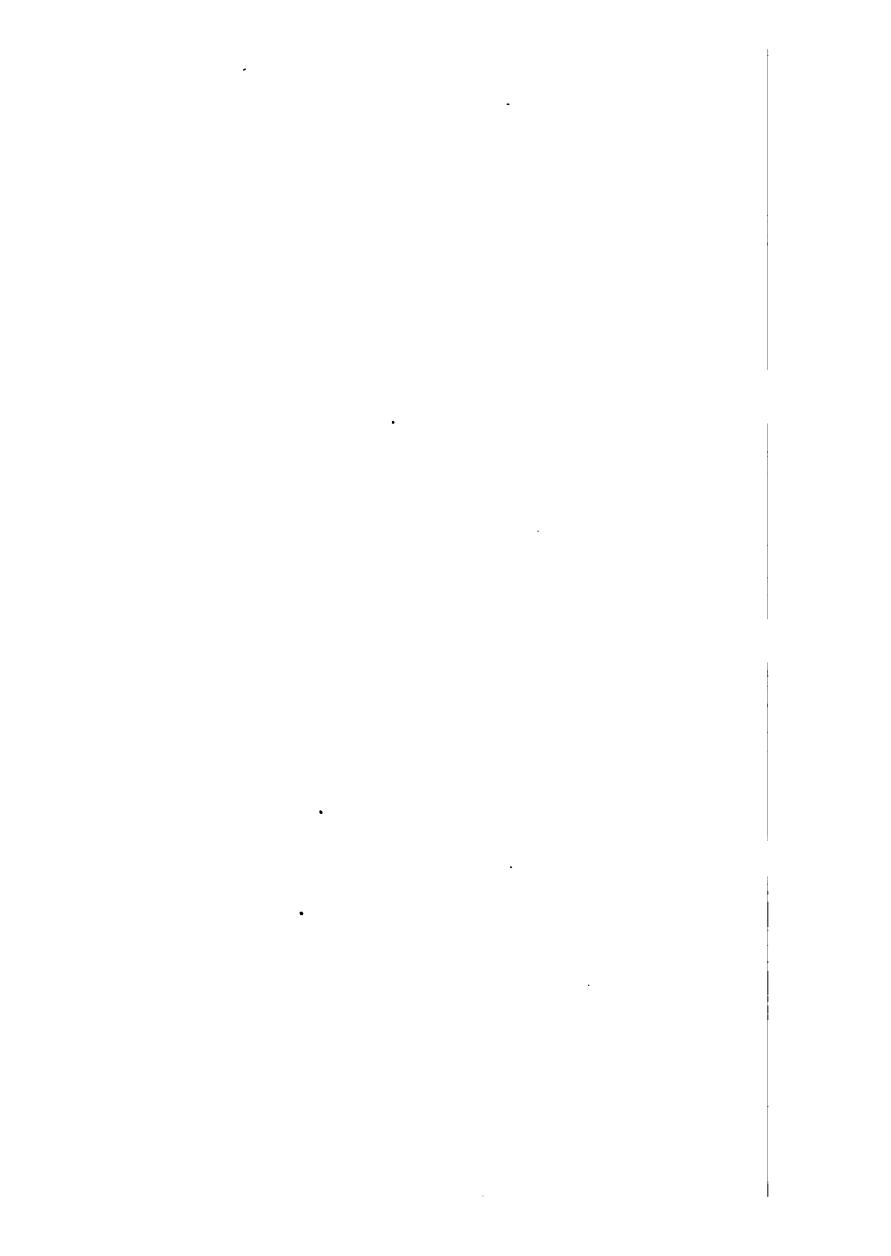
198

Closing Hymn. 8 & 7's M.

Greenville.

Sicilian Hymn.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation,
In our hearts and lives abound.
- 3 Make us gentle, kind and lowly ;
Teach us, Father, by thy word,
How we may be good and holy,
Like to Jesus Christ our Lord.



SCRIPTURE LESSONS.

LESSON I.

GOODNESS OF GOD.

Sup. BLESS the Lord, O my soul.

Chil. And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

S. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

C. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;

S. Who healeth all thy diseases ;

C. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ;

S. Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

C. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed, like the eagle's.

S. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

C. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

S. He will not always chide ;

C. Neither will he keep his anger forever.

S. He hath not dealt with us after our sins ;

C. Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

S. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

C. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

S. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

C. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth that we are dust.

S. As for man, his days are as grass.

C. As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

S. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ;

C. And the place thereof shall know it no more.

S. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting, upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children.

C. To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to keep them.

LESSON II.

GOD SOUGHT AND OBEYED.

S. I WILL bless the Lord at all times.

C. His praise shall be continually in my mouth.

S. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord.

C. The humble shall hear thereof and be glad.

S. O magnify the Lord with me, and exalt his name together.

C. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

S. The poor man cried, and the Lord heard him and saved him out of all his troubles.

C. The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

S. O taste, and see that the Lord is good.

C. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

S. O fear the Lord, ye his saints.

C. For there is no want to them, that fear him.

S. Come, ye children, hearken to me, I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

C. What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

S. Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from guile.

C. Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

S. The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous;

C. And his ears are open to their cry.

S. The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart;

C. And saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

S. Many are the afflictions of the righteous;

C. But the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

S. The Lord redeemeth the souls of his servants.

C. And none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

LESSON III.

PRAISE TO GOD.

S. It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O thou Most High.

C. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

S. The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty.

C. The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself.

S. The world is established, that it cannot be moved.

C. Thy throne is established of old ; thou art from everlasting.

S. Thy testimonies are very sure.

C. Holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, forever.

S. O come, let us sing unto the Lord ;

C. Let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our Salvation.

S. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving ;

C. And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

S. For the Lord is a great God ;

C. And a great King above all gods.

S. In his hand are the deep places of the earth.

C. The strength of the hills is his also.

S. The sea is his, and he made it ;

C. And his hands formed the dry land.

S. O come, let us worship and bow down ;

C. Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker.

S. For he is our God ;

C. And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

S. O, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good ;

C. For his mercy endureth forever

LESSON IV

TRUST IN GOD.

S. THE Lord is my light and my salvation ;
whom should I fear ?

C. The Lord is the strength of my life ; of
whom shall I be afraid ?

S. Though a host should encamp against me,
my heart shall not fear ;

C. For in the time of trouble, he shall hide
me in his pavilion.

S. Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice ;
have mercy upon me, and answer me.

C. When thou saidst, Seek ye my face ; my
heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

S. Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God
of my salvation.

C. When my father and my mother forsake
me, then the Lord will take me up.

S. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me
in a plain path.

C. I had fainted, unless I had believed to see
the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

S. Wait on the Lord.

C. Be of good courage ; and he shall strength-
en thy heart.

S. Blessed be the Lord, because he hath heard
the voice of my supplication.

C. The Lord is my strength and my shield.

S. My heart trusted in him, and I am helped.

C. Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and
with my song will I praise him.

LESSON V.

GOD, THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

S. THE Lord is my Shepherd ;

C. I shall not want.

S. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.

C. He leadeth me beside the still waters.

S. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.

C. For thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.

S. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.

C. Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.

S. Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ;

C. And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

S. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof ;

C. The world, and they that dwell therein.

S. For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it on the floods.

C. Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord ?

S. Who shall stand in his holy place ?

C. He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart ;

S. Who hath not lifted up his soul to vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

C. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord ; and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

LESSON VI.

GOD REQUIRETH A PURE SERVICE.

S. LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle?
Who shall dwell in thy holy place?

C. He that walketh uprightly, and worketh
righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

S. He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor
doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach
against his neighbor.

C. In whose eyes a vile person is contemned;
but he honoreth them that fear the Lord.

S. He that putteth not out his money to usury,
nor taketh reward against the innocent.

C. He that doeth these things shall never be
moved.

S. Preserve me, O Lord, for in thee do I put
my trust.

C. Their sorrows shall be multiplied, that
hasten after another God.

S. The Lord is the portion of mine inheri-
tance.

C. The lines have fallen to me in pleasant
places.

S. I will bless the Lord, who hath given me
counsel.

C. I have set the Lord always before me; be-
cause he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

S. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory
rejoiceth; my flesh also shall rest in hope.

C. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell.

S. Neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to
see corruption.

C. Thou wilt show me the path of life.

S. In thy presence is fulness of joy.

C. At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore.

LESSON VII.

THE WORKS AND LAWS OF GOD.

S. THE heavens declare the glory of God ;

C. And the firmament showeth his handywork.

S. Day unto day uttereth speech ; and night unto night showeth knowledge.

C. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

S. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.

C. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

S. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

C. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart.

S. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

C. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever.

S. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

C. More to be desired are they than gold.

S. Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

C. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned ;

S. And in keeping of them there is great reward.

C. Who can understand his errors ?

S. Cleanse thou me from secret faults.

C. Keep back thy servant, also, from presumptuous sins.

S. Let them not have dominion over me.

C. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

LESSON VIII.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

S. AND God spake all these words, saying,

C. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage.

S. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

C. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth.

S. Thou shalt not bow thyself down to them, nor serve them ; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generations of them that hate me ;

C. And showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

S. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ;

C. For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

S. Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

C. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work,

thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man servant, nor thy maid servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

S. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day :

C. Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it.

S. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

C. Thou shalt not kill.

S. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

C. Thou shalt not steal.

S. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

C. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

LESSON IX.

FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

S. BLESSED are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

C. Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted,

S. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

C. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.

S. Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.

C. Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.

S. Blessed are the peace-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

C. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

S. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you, falsely, for my sake.

C. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

S. Ye are the light of the world ; a city, that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

C. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father, which is in heaven.

LESSON X.

FROM THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

S. JUDGE not that ye be not judged.

C. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged.

S. Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

C. For every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it shall be opened.

S. Enter ye in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be who go in thereat.

C. Because straight is the gate, and narrow is

the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

S. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

C. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

S. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;

C. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

S. But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness;

C. And all these things shall be added unto you.

LESSON XI

PRECEPTS FROM THE EPISTLES.

S. LET love be without dissimulation; abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good.

C. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.

S. Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.

C. Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer.

S. Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

C. Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.

S. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

C. Be of the same mind one toward another.

S. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceit.

C. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

S. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath; for it is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.

C. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

S. & C. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

LESSON XII.

PRECEPTS FROM THE EPISTLES.

S. CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise.)

C. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayst live long on the earth.

S. And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

C. Rejoice in the Lord always, and again, I say, Rejoice.

S. Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

C. Be careful for nothing; but in every thing, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God.

S. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

C. Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

LESSON XIII.

OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

S. O LORD, thou hast searched me and known me.

C. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine up-rising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

S. Thou compasseth my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

C. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo! O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

S. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.

C. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high; I cannot attain unto it.

S. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

C. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.

S. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

C. Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

S. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me :

C. Even the night shall be light about me.

S. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee ,
out the night shineth as the day.

C. The darkness and the light are both alike
to thee.

S. I will praise thee, for I am fearfully and
wonderfully made.

C. Marvellous are thy works, and that my soul
knoweth right well.

S. How precious also are thy thoughts unto
me, O God ! how great the sum of them !

C. If I should count them, they are more in
number than the sands.

S. Search me, O God, and know my heart ;
try me and know my thoughts ;

C. And see if there be any wicked way in
me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

LESSON XIV.

WISDOM IN PROVERBS.

S. My son, forget not my law ; but let thy
heart keep my commandments.

C. For length of days, and long life, and peace
shall they add to thee.

S. Train up a child in the way he should go ;

C. And when he is old he will not depart
from it.

S. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and
the man that getteth understanding.

C For the merchandise of it is better than the

merchandise of silver ; and the gain thereof ~~than~~ fine gold.

S. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand, riches and honor.

C. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

S. Take fast hold of instruction ; let her not go ; keep her, for she is thy life.

C. Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men.

S. Avoid it ; pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. The way of the wicked is darkness, they know not at what they stumble.

C. But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

S. Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.

C. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left ; remove thy foot from evil.

S. The law of the wise is the fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

C. Good understanding giveth favor, but the way of the transgressor is hard.

S. Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter ; fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

C. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

PRAYERS.

PRAYER I.

O THOU who hearest prayer—
Our Creator, our Father, and our best Friend—
We thank thee for thy constant goodness—
For life, and health, and all our enjoyments;
We thank thee for this Christian Sabbath,
For all the instruction we receive this day.
Father, forgive us all our sins,
Teach us always what is right—
Help us always to perform our duty—
May we grow better and wiser the longer we live,
And be at all times prepared to die.
We ask it as the disciples of Jesus Christ—
Through whom to thee be glory forever.

AMEN.

PRAYER II.

ALMIGHTY and eternal God!
From thee cometh all our enjoyments;
Thou hast been very good to us thy children;
We thank thee that we can call thee our Father;
We thank thee for our Sabbath School,
For the means we have of knowing and loving
thee.

Father, help us to be better children,
Help us to be good to ourselves,
So that we may do good to one another;
May we always remember that God sees us,
By night as well as by day, at home and abroad.
Father, hear us and answer our prayer,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—AMEN.

PRAYER III.

OUR Father, who art in heaven,
Thou hearest the prayers of all thy children :

Thou seest the sparrow when it falls ;
 Thou hast numbered the hairs of our heads ;
 Thy care is over us at all times ;
 We thank thee for sending us Jesus Christ
 To save us from sin,
 And to teach us our duty.
 May we never forget that thou art here ;
 That thou art everywhere.
 May we be more and more like thy Holy Child
 Jesus,
 Who went about doing good—
 Who died for all—that we might live ;
 Through whom we ascribe to thee ceaseless
 praise.—AMEN.

PRAYER IV.

MOST high and holy God !
 Thou art wise and powerful, just and good ;
 We cannot be too thankful for all thy goodness,
 In giving us our parents, our teachers, and our
 friends,
 And, above all, in sending us Jesus thy Son ;
 May we know more of him and more of thee—
 May we love and honor and obey our parents—
 And, above all, may we love and obey God.
 May we always live as thy children—
 And when we die, O take us to thyself.
 That we may know and love thee in a better
 world,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—AMEN.

PRAYER V.

O THOU, who livest forever and ever !
 Thou art the Giver of every good gift—
 Thou art the Father of Jesus Christ,
 And the Father of us all ;—
 We thank thee for the gift of reason and con-
 science ;

For our limbs and senses, and all that we enjoy;
We thank thee for the light of this holy
morning;
For the privilege of coming to our Sabbath
School.
We pray for thy blessing upon all our teachers;
By their assistance may we grow wiser and
better;
May we love thee and love one another;
May all our sins be forgiven;
We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ.—AMEN.

PRAYER VI.

O THOU, who knowest all our thoughts,—
Thou art the greatest and the best of Beings;
We thank thee for the blessings of this life,
But, above all, for the hopes of another beyond it
May we never forget that we are to live forever
That, although the body may crumble to pieces
The soul can never die!
May we always live in such a manner
That we shall never be afraid to die.
May we fear nothing so much as doing wrong
And may we grow better as we grow older,
And at last be admitted to thy presence,
Through Jesus Christ our Saviour.—AMEN.

PRAYER VII.

O THOU, who art good and doest good,
Thee we love and thee we adore!
From thee cometh all our enjoyments;
Thou knowest all our wants;
Thou hearest all our prayers;
We ask thy blessing upon each one of us;
Bless our parents, our teachers, and our friends;
Help us to love and serve thee as we ought;
Help us also to love one another.
Father, be with us this day and all our days;

Forgive us our sins,
And when we die,
O take us to thyself,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.—AMEN.

PRAYER VIII.

OUR Father, who art in heaven,—
We thank thee for our lives ;
We thank thee that thou hast made us religious
beings ;
We thank thee for our opportunities of improvement ;
We thank thee especially for the Sunday
School ;
For our superintendents and all our teachers ;
And we pray that we may listen to their instructions ;
That they may lead us to love thee, our Father
in heaven ;
To love our Saviour Jesus Christ ;
To love all men as our brethren ;
To forgive and love even our enemies, if we
have any.
Bless, we pray thee, our parents, and all our
friends ;
Bless our church and its beloved pastor ;
Bless the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted ;
Bless each one of us ;
Forgive us, we pray thee, our many sins ;
Make us better in time to come ;
And accept us now and at last,
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.—AMEN.

PRAYER IX.

OUR Father, who art the holiest and the happiest of Beings,—
May we come to thee with reverence, gratitude
and love.

We are the subjects of thy kingdom,—
May we obey thee on earth, as the angels do
in heaven.
We acknowledge our dependence upon thee ;
Grant us day by day a supply for all our daily
wants ;
May we forgive those who offend us,—
So that thou mayst forgive us when we offend
against thee.
We are in a world of temptation ;
May we remember, O Father, when we are
tempted,
That thou God seest us ;
May we pray to be delivered from all the sin
there is in the world ;
And wilt thou, O Lord, deliver us,—
For this earth and all worlds are thine.
The power to save and bless us is thine,
And all the praise and glory are thine,
Forever and ever.—AMEN.

PRAYER X.

OUR Father in heaven, our constant and best
friend,—
We love thee, and adore thee from our hearts ;
Thou hearest our prayer ;
Thou seest us at all times, at home and abroad ;
Thou watchest over us night and day.
O God, thou gavest us all that we have ;
Thou hast loved us while we were very small,
And not yet able to love thee.
O God, thou hast loved us while we were un-
grateful,
And not worthy of thy love.
O make us truly sorry for our sins ;
For disobedience to our parents ;
For unkindness to our friends :

For inattention at school, and in the house of God.

O Thou, who lovest all thy children,
Make us worthy of thy love ;
Keep us from harm and save us from every sin ;
Give us a grateful heart and an understanding mind.

Father, thou hast given us a happy home here on earth,—

Father, when we die, give us a home in heaven,
With thy dear Son, and with all our friends ;
That we may live with thee, and love thee forever.—AMEN.

PRAYER XI.

O THOU, who art our God, our Father, and our Friend,—

We adore thee for thy bounty ;
We praise thee for thy love.
Although we have forgotten thee,
Thou hast not forgotten us :
When we remember thy goodness
May we, O God, forsake our sins.
When we study thy word,
May we receive it into our hearts.
When we are taught in thy temple, or the
Sunday School,
May we open our minds to receive instruction.
Without thee we are nothing ;
With thine aid assisting us, we may do much.
May we seek thine aid ;
May we put our trust in thee ;
Continue to smile upon us, and watch over us ;
Bless the services in which we are engaged ;
Accept our offerings of praise and gratitude ;
Hear our prayers for light and wisdom ;
Go with us to our studies and our homes ,
Make us just, and kind, and gentle to all ;

May we walk uprightly while on earth,
And at last enter into the mansions of rest in
heaven.—AMEN.

PRAYER XII.

O LORD, our heavenly Father;
We would call on our souls and all that is
within us,
To praise, to bless and adore thee.
We owe it to thy goodness that we still live,
And that we have come together once more to
seek thy face.
We thank thee that thou didst send thy Son into
the world,
To teach us what is true and useful and good,
And to save us from sin by his tender love and
great power.
We thank thee that when on earth, he suffered
little children to come unto him,
And took them in his arms and blessed them.
May we be worthy of his blessing;
May our souls rest in his arms.
Teach our teachers, O Lord,
That they may be able to show us the way to
eternal life.
And Oh! incline us to learn.
May we be obedient and kind;
May we be patient and humble;
May we love each other with pure hearts,
So that our heavenly Father may love us,
And take us to heaven when we die.
Hear us, O, our Father, in the name of thy dear
Son;
Hear us for thine own mercy's sake,
And give us peace now and forever more.
AMEN.

PRAYER XIII.

On the death of a Teacher or Pupil.

O THOU, who art all wise, all holy, and all merciful ;

Thou hast made us, and thou dost preserve us ;
We bless thee that Jesus hath brought life and immortality to light.

We bless thee that when we commit our friends to the grave,

We may know they are not lost.

Thou hast called back the spirit of one of our little band.

Father, not our wills, but thy will be done.

Thou knowest when it is best for us to die.

Thou dost not willingly afflict us ;

Whom thou lovest, thou chastenest.

Father, we would make a right use of this visit of death.

Thou art speaking to us from the grave of our brother.

Thou art calling upon us to remember that we are mortal, and that we are immortals.

May we live as those who are to die.

Above all, may we live as those who are to live forever.

Whatsoever sorrows thou shalt send, may we bear with patience.

May we be ready and willing to depart ;

May death be to us the way to heaven ;

May we fear nothing but sin.

Watch over us, forgive us, and at last receive us to thyself,

Through Jesus Christ, thy beloved Son.

AMEN.

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SERVICE BOOK
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

COMPILED FOR THE USE OF THE
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SERVICES.

FIRST SERVICE.

Exhortation.

MY young friends,—The God who made us, who gives us our daily bread, and all things richly to enjoy, in the blessed gospel of his Son, has declared it to be his will, that we should thank him for the blessings which we receive, and pray to him for those which we need. We ought, at all times, to obey his will with cheerfulness and delight. We ought always to feel our dependence on him, and take pleasure in expressing our gratitude to him for the countless blessings he is daily bestowing upon us. And, as we are now about to approach the throne of his mercy, we should remember that he will be pleased with no prayer which does not proceed from the heart. We should therefore endeavor, when we repeat the words with our lips, to feel in our souls what they express. We should allow no vain or foolish thought to rest within us. We should

be filled with awe by a sense of the Divine Presence; by the thought that the eye of the Holy One is upon our souls; that he is hearing what we say, and will grant us those things we ask for in a right spirit, and in the name of Jesus Christ, if it is best that we should receive them. Come, then, and let us read alternately a portion of his holy word; and then accompany me, with a pure heart and humble voice, unto the throne of the heavenly grace.

Lesson.

Superintendent. The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous;

Children. And his ears are open unto their prayer.

S. The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth them;

C. And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

S. Thy mercy, O Lord, reacheth unto the heavens;

C. And thy faithfulness unto the clouds.

S. Thy righteousness standeth like the strong mountains;

C. Thy judgments are like the great deep.

S. How excellent is thy mercy, O God!

C. And the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.

S. O continue thy loving-kindness unto those who know thee;

C. And thy righteousness unto those who are true of heart.

S. Hear our prayer, O Lord, give ear to our supplications;

C. In thy faithfulness answer us, and in thy righteousness.

Prayer.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, — we would call on our souls, and all that is within us, — to bless and adore thee. — For we owe it to thy goodness that we still live, — and that our friends live, — and that we have come together once more to seek thy face. — We thank thee that thou didst send thy Son into the world, — to teach us what is true and good, — and to save us from sin by his tender love, — and his great power. — We thank thee that when he was on earth, — he suffered little children to come unto him, — and took them in his arms, and blessed them. — May we be worthy of his blessing; — may our souls rest in his arms. — Teach our teachers, O Lord, — that they may be able to show us the way; — and O incline us to learn. — May we be gentle and kind; — may we be patient and meek; — may we love each other with pure hearts; —

so that our heavenly Father may love us, — and be gracious to us and our dear friends as long as we live, — and take us to heaven when we die. — Hear us, O our Father, in the name of thy dear Son; — hear us for thine own mercy's sake; — and give us peace, now and evermore. — Amen.

SECOND SERVICE.

Exhortation.

My dear children, — God our Father has preserved us since we last met together: he has been mindful of us, and has blessed us. We can say, How dear are thy thoughts unto us, O God! how great is the sum of them! If we should count them, they are more in number than the sand. He feeds us; he clothes us; he gives us friends; it is his air that we breathe; it is his sun that warms us; he is our Father; we are encompassed with his love; we lean upon his bosom. We cannot repay him for all his loving-kindness; but he has graciously assured us, that he will accept our praises and thanksgivings, if we offer them purely and sincerely. What, my children, if the events of the past week had been clouded with sorrow and trouble? What if God had

smitten you with disease, or taken away your friends? Instead of being here with your happy faces, you might have been tossing on your beds in a burning fever or in racking pains, or you might have been weeping at home because you could no more see the faces of those you love. My children, do you not wish to thank your heavenly Father for all his goodness? Do you not wish to pray to him that he may be merciful to you, and bless you always? Let us join, then, in lifting up our hearts to God with devout affections and with holy words.

Lesson.

S. Bless the Lord, O my soul;

C. And all that is within me, bless his holy name.

S. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

C. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;

S. Who healeth all thy diseases;

C. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;

S. Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.

C. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things,

S. So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

C. He will bless those who fear his name, both small and great.

S. Ye are the blessed of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.

C. And we will praise the Lord from this time forth, for evermore.

S. All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord;

C. And thy saints shall bless thee.

Prayer.

Holy and blessed Lord our God,—who knowest all our thoughts,—and all the secrets of our hearts,—we pray thee to hear us;—we pray thee to lift upon us the light of thy countenance,—and give us peace.—Give unto us a pure heart and a right spirit.—Aid us, as we advance in life,—to become worthy disciples of thy blessed Son.—May we strive to do what is pleasing in thy sight.—May we be careful never to offend thee, in thought, word, or deed.—May we look unto Jesus, and learn of him.—May we love and obey our parents, instructors, and guardians;—may we speak the truth always,—and be just and kind to all persons.—As we grow in years, may we grow in wisdom,—and in favor with God and man.—When we sin, do thou forgive us.—When we wander, do thou restore us.—

When we are in sorrow, do thou comfort us. — While we live, may we love and serve thee. — In the hour of death, may we rest upon thee; — and, after death, may we rise to praise thee. — Which we humbly ask in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. — Amen.

THIRD SERVICE.

Exhortation.

My young friends, — Give me your attention. We are about to unite again in prayer to God. Before entering on this solemn service, it becomes us to reflect, that God, who is everywhere present, and who knows all things, is at this moment present here, and knows not only who are assembled, and in what we are outwardly engaged, but also the thoughts of every mind, and the secrets of every heart. Children, are your thoughts and feelings at this moment such that you are neither ashamed nor afraid that God should know them all? Sitting as you do in his presence, do you feel that you can address him as your heavenly Father? can you look up to him as good children, and are you prepared to ask in such a manner that you may hope to receive a Father's blessing? The eye of God is now fixed upon every teacher and every

child. It is the eye of a Father, whose only desire is to see us all good and happy; but it is an eye from which nothing is hid. He looks directly upon the heart. He sees if there be any evil thing in us. He knows us much better than we know ourselves. He cannot be deceived. We must not try to deceive him. Above all, we must not mock him with a heartless prayer. We must not take his name upon our lips, while our hearts are far from him.

Lesson.

S. O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

C. Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thought afar off.

S. Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.

C. For there is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.

S. Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thy hand upon me.

C. Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.

S. Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

C. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art

there; if I make my bed in the grave, behold thou art there.

S. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;

C. Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.

S. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me;

C. Even the night shall be light about me.

S. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day.

C. The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Prayer.

O Lord, our heavenly Father, who knowest all things, — though we cannot see thee, yet thou seest us. — When we do wrong, in the dark as in the light, — thine eye is upon our souls; — and when we try to raise our thoughts, so as to think of thee, — thou knowest it, and art well pleased. — We desire to know more about thee and thy love. — Wilt thou teach our teachers, — that they may tell us what we ought to do to please thee. — May we always love whatever thou dost, — and never wish for any thing thou shalt not think best for us. — May we never give way to our angry passions. — May we shun those who would lead us into sin. —

May we be willing to confess our faults,—and labor to correct them. — Bless all our dear relations and friends. — Help us to behave well to them all,—to love all mankind,—and to love thee, our God, most of all. — We ask every blessing in the name of thy Son, our Saviour.— Amen.

FOURTH SERVICE.

Exhortation.

LISTEN to me again, children. May your thoughts and your hearts be fixed upon the service in which we are about to engage, and may you feel that the prayers we are going to make will be heard in heaven. All that we do here is witnessed there, and must be answered for there. All that we have thought or felt or said or done, during the past week, is known and remembered there. If any one of you has committed any fault at home, or at school, or at play, however you may have endeavored to conceal it, and however unwilling you may be to acknowledge it, that fault is known to God. It may not be known to your parents, or your teachers, or any of your companions; but it is known to God. And he has promised to pardon our sins, only on condition that we

humbly confess them, and sincerely repent of them. The repentance must be true and sincere; and true repentance does not consist in merely being sorry that we have been found out, or in merely being afraid of the punishment the sin will bring upon us; but in a heartfelt regret at having done wrong, and offended so good and holy a Being. Think, then, children, in the presence of God, of all the faults which you have committed; and, while his ear is open to your cry, unite with contrite heart in prayer for their forgiveness.

Lesson.

S. Wherewithal shall the young cleanse their way?

C. By taking heed thereto, according to God's word.

S. Teach them, O Lord, the way of thy statutes;

C. And we shall keep it unto the end.

S. Give them understanding, and they shall keep thy law:

C. Yea, we shall keep it with our whole heart.

S. O turn away their eyes, lest they behold vanity;

C. And quicken thou us in thy way.

S. The earth, O Lord, is full of thy mercy :

C. O teach us thy statutes.

S. Thou art good, and doest good :

C. O teach us thy statutes.

S. Thy testimonies have we claimed as our heritage for ever ; and why ?

C. They are the very joy of our hearts.

S. Our hands also will we lift up unto thy commandments, which we have loved ;

C. And our study shall be in thy statutes.

S. O send out thy light and thy truth. Let them lead us.

C. Sanctify us through thy truth ; thy word is truth.

Prayer.

O holy and merciful God !—lead us sincerely to repent of all our sins,—and to forsake them utterly,—that they may be blotted out for ever from before thee.—Make clean our hearts within us ;—show thy mercy upon us, O Lord,—and grant us thy salvation.—In these days of our youth, may we remember thee, our Creator,—and delight to raise our thoughts and desires to heaven,—and give to thee the freshness of our strength,—and the morning of our days.—Keep us from sickness, if it please thee ;—from loss of friends, and all harm ;—and

help us to be thankful for every good thing which we enjoy. — May we be drawn to our blessed Saviour by the cords of love; — and all love one another as he loved us; — that hereafter we may live and rejoice with him — in our Father's house of many mansions, — world without end. — Amen.

FIFTH SERVICE.

Exhortation.

I SUPPOSE you all remember that we are commanded in the Bible to honor our parents. This enjoins filial piety, or reverence for those under whose care Providence has placed you. My young friends, if you will read the Scriptures attentively, you cannot find that God has enjoined any duties upon you which are not designed for your happiness, and which will not secure happiness to you, if faithfully obeyed.

Among the duties which God requires of you is that of *honoring your parents*. I will not ask you if you have done this. I will not ask you if you have treated with open or secret disregard the authority of your parents: but I will ask you, if you think enough of your parents, and your whole duty to them; if you feel that sacred obliga-

tion which rests upon you, of loving and obeying them, of respecting and honoring them. Let filial piety be loved and cherished by you, let this trait of character be steadily cultivated by you, and with it will grow up a love for all that is good and pure and virtuous in this life; and this will help to secure to you that true happiness which comes from a consciousness of having been faithful to the laws of God your heavenly Father, and to your duties to those whom you are bound to love and honor here on earth. If you would requite the goodness of your parents, it is only necessary that you should be good yourselves. Let them see you growing up in favor with God and man; let them see you striving to improve your own minds, delighting to do good to others, and fearing to offend your heavenly Father; and they will think you have never been a burden. Their fears and anxieties about your prospects in this life will give place to brighter views. But if in these they are disappointed, if they are soon to see you stretched on the bed of sickness and death, they will still smile amidst their tears, and be comforted by the thought that you are the children of God, and that you are going to a Father who loves you even better than they.

Lesson.

S. Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honor thy father and thy mother,

C. That it may be well with thee, and thou mayst live long on the earth.

S. The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother,

C. The ravens of the valley shall peck it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.

S. My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

C. For they shall be as an ornament of grace unto our heads, and as chains about our necks.

S. When thou goest, they shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, they shall keep thee; and when thou wakest, they shall talk with thee.

C. We will bind them continually upon our hearts, and tie them about our necks.

S. Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

C. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment.

S. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion:

C. For there the Lord commanded his blessing, even life for evermore.

Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, — we thank thee for the gift of our earthly parents, — and that their lives have been prolonged to us thus far. — May we seek to requite their unnumbered kindnesses, — by loving them with a pure love. — May we love to obey them. — May we love to be with them. — May we regard them as our best friends. — May we never try to conceal any thing from them. — If we do wrong, may we go at once and tell them. — May we love to learn of them how to do right. — When they are sick, may we do all we can to help and comfort them. — When they are old, may we make them happy by our good conduct. — When they die, may their blessing rest upon us, — and may the best of heaven's blessings be their everlasting portion. — We pray for those children who have no parents; — beseeching thee to be the poor orphan's father, and to take care of him. — And from our earthly parents, — may our thoughts rise up to him who is the Parent of our parents, — and the Parent of us all. — May we love to read the words of the holy Jesus, — who came that he might

show us the Father,—and lead us unto him;—where will be peace and joy evermore.— Amen.

SIXTH SERVICE.

Exhortation.

MY young friends,— You know that it is the having of a *soul*, which makes you to be better than the beasts that perish. Let me exhort you, then, always to bear it in mind, that you have a soul as well as a body to look after and take care of; and that the soul, as the better part, should be looked after and taken care of first. Your souls are not made for your bodies; but your bodies are made for your souls. Even your eyes and ears, your hands and feet, and all your limbs and bodily organs, are to be regarded only as the instruments or tools which the soul works with. It is the *soul* that thinks; it is the *soul* that feels; it is the *soul* that acts; it is the *soul* that lives. When you think any thing, or feel any thing, or do any thing, it is your soul that does it, and not your body. Your body, therefore, is not *yourself*: it is your soul which is *yourself*. Hence, if you are wise, you will look upon the body as being but a sort of garment,

which the soul wears, until it is put off at death, or as being but the house you live in while on earth. First of all, then, look after and take care of the soul. It is for this end that you come to the Sunday school. It is for this end that your teachers meet you here; that here, in the stillness of the sabbath, you may be led to fix your affections upon those things which shall help to elevate and purify the soul, and make it a fit temple for the worship of God.

And now none of you will need to be told again what you come to the Sunday school for. You come for the highest and best of objects, — that good may be done to your souls; and you will love to come the more, when you think, that, while the good which is done the body will perish with the body, the good which is done the undying soul will endure for ever.

Lesson.

S. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul;

C. The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

S. The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart;

C. The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

S. The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever;

C. The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

S. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

C. Sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb.

S. Moreover, by them are his servants warned;

C. And in keeping of them is great reward.

S. What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

C. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

S. The very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.

C. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.

Prayer.

O thou who art the Former of our bodies, — and the Father of our spirits, — we lift up our souls to thee in prayer and praise. — May we try to make our souls at

all times more worthy of thy regard. — May we put away from them all impure thoughts and feelings, — and all anger and envy and jealousy; — and try to make them as holy temples, in which thou wilt deign to dwell. — May our coming here help us to do this. — May our teachers understand more and more of the truth as it is in Jesus, — that they may be able to impart to us more and more of the spirit of Jesus. — May we come here, Sunday after Sunday, with a heart to learn. — Hand in hand, may we all delight to walk together in the way of the Lord. — Heart in heart, may we love to mingle our prayers and praises to him. — And thus may we grow up to be useful and happy in this life; — and, when we die, may our souls be in a state to wing their flight to thee, — to be happy with thee for ever. — Amen.

SEVENTH SERVICE.

Exhortation.

My young friends, — Many, if not all, of you have, at some time, wondered why you cannot see God, and hear his voice. You think of him as a Being having a shape and form like yourselves; and, because you have

never seen him, you think he lives a great way off. We read in the New Testament, that "God is a spirit." Now *you* are, in part, a spirit too; but your spirit, which is *yourself*, is connected with your body. We cannot see a spirit. We cannot see the spirits or souls of each other. Now, if God is a spirit without a body, it is not strange that we cannot see him. The spirit of God is present everywhere: he therefore is not a great way off; he is always near you. Once there was a time when men did not know that this good Being was so near them; neither did they know what he wished them to do and to be: for his form they could not see, and his voice they could not hear. He was to them a closer friend than a brother,—he was their heavenly Father; and he is ours also, although we can never see him while we live in these bodies, and dwell upon this earth. But, to make up for this, he sent his holy child Jesus, his first-born, who came from the bosom of his Father, to tell us all things. Jesus is not here now. He lived on this earth among men about thirty years, and then returned to his Father and our Father, to his God and our God. But we have the Bible, which tells us what Jesus did and said, when he was upon earth; and what he did and said was just what God had directed him.

He still speaks to you from the Bible; and you are here assembled, that your kind teachers may help you to understand what he is now saying to you. Is there, then, among you all, a single child so dull as not to see why you should come, and delight to come, to the Sunday school? You have come here to learn of Jesus, who is here by his words to show you the Father; to tell you what the Father is going to do with you in other worlds; and to bestow upon you, in the Father's name, the gift of pardon and eternal life.

Lesson.

S. Behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people;

C. But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.

S. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace;

C. That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth.

S. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

C. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

S. And Jesus saith, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not;

C. For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

S. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd:

C. He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

Prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, — we praise thee for thy goodness to us and to all men. — In every blessing we enjoy, may we feel and confess a Father's kindness. — In every pain we bear, may we remember that our Father afflicts us for our good. — When we awake to the light of day, may we love to think, — that the light of a Father's countenance is lifted upon us. — When we lie down to sleep at night, may we rejoice to believe, — that a Father's arm is stretched out over us. — May we love to think of Jesus as thy beloved Son, — whom thou didst send into the world to make known thy will, — and to lead our feet into the paths of peace and eternal life. — Open our eyes that we may read, — and our ears that we may hear his word; — and may it do us good, as it doth the upright in heart. — May we have more and more of the meek, gentle, pure spirit of thy holy child Jesus. — May we

live as he lived, devoted to thy service ; — may we die as he died, resigned to thy will. Mercifully pardon all our sins, — and draw us to thyself by the cords of love ; — that, whether living or dying, — we may be thine, henceforth and for ever. — Amen.

EIGHTH SERVICE.

Exhortation.

YOUR teachers, my young friends, are always happy to meet you here, and to do what they can to make it good for you to be here. But they cannot do every thing. You must help us to help you. You must, during the week, and especially in whatever remains of the day, give your thoughts to your Sunday-school lessons, asking assistance of your parents at home, if necessary ; for it is not so much for study that you come here, as to talk about what you have been studying. And, when you set out for this place, remember that it is not to attend a common school, or to be taught common truths, but that you may meet God, and be taught of him. And when you are here, take care that your minds and hearts are here, as well as your bodies ; for your bodies may be sitting here,

while your minds and hearts are wandering away, no one knows whither. Reflect, too, that the place has been consecrated by solemn prayer, that the ground is holy ground, and that God is looking down on each one of you at this moment; for such thoughts will not fail to impress all those who have any sense of propriety or decency, with a becoming seriousness of mind and manners. Your teachers are here, desirous and anxious to do you some good; but consider how hopeless and thankless a task it must be to undertake to instruct or improve a giddy, fickle, unwilling mind. It cannot be. You must do your part. You must help us, or we cannot help you. Bring, then, to these happy meetings a desire, an anxiety, to be made wiser and better; and, while here, keep your minds in a state to be made wiser and better, and you will really become wiser and better. Thus will these meetings be made most happy to us all. The labor on both sides will be turned into a pleasure; and the best of earthly rewards will be ours, as we witness from day to day, in your hearts and lives, its blessed effects.

Lesson.

S. When wisdom entereth into thine heart, and knowledge is pleasant unto thy soul,

C. Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee :

S. Yea, if we cry after knowledge, and lift up our voice for understanding ;

C. If we seek her as silver, and search for her as for hidden treasures.

S. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding ;

C. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

S. She is more precious than rubies ;

C. And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

S. Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand are riches and honor.

C. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

S. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold of her ;

C. And happy is every one that retaineth her.

S. Take fast hold of instruction ; let her not go ; keep her, for she is thy life.

C. The law of the wise is the fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death.

Prayer.

O Thou who art the great Source of all light, — wilt thou increase within us a love of divine truth. — Wilt thou open our hearts to all good impressions. — May we study thy works and word with reverence, — and delight to hear them explained. — May we keep holy the Lord's day, — by giving it to good books and good thoughts. — And when we come with our friends to this pleasant place, — and hear about thee and the Saviour, and the way to heaven, — and repeat our prayers, and sing our sweet hymns, — never, O Lord, may we forget that all these blessings come from thee. — May we be quick to hear what our teachers may say, — eager to improve every moment of our time, — anxious to please those who are so kind as to instruct us, — and grateful to thee for the privilege we enjoy.

Our Father who art in heaven, — hallowed be thy name. — Thy kingdom come; — thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. — Give us this day our daily bread, — and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us; — and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; — for thine is the kingdom, — and the power, — and the glory, — for ever. Amen.

PRAYERS

TO BE USED ON PARTICULAR OCCASIONS,

IN ADDITION TO THE

SERVICE OF THE DAY.

*On the Dangerous Illness of a Member
of the School.*

O most merciful God, — look down, we beseech thee, upon that dear one of our number, — now detained from this place by sickness. In mercy spare thou *his* life, and raise *him* up in health, — to the joy of *his* parents, and of us all. Thou canst speak the word, and the child shall live, — and come up hither again, — to talk of thy loving-kindness and great mercy. But, if thou shalt take *him* away from us by this visitation, — take *him*, we pray thee, to a better and happier state, — even thine heavenly kingdom. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

On the Death of a Member of the School.

Almighty and most merciful God, — in thy wisdom thou hast called back the spirit of one of our little flock, — and laid *his* body

low in the dust. May we believe that all this is well. And though we can never more behold *his* face on the earth, — may we live in the hope of meeting *him* in a better world. And as we know not how soon we may be called to follow our departed friends, — may we so live that we may not be afraid to die at any time. When that time shall come, may we fall asleep in Jesus, — to awake in his likeness, — and finally be raised to a seat at thy right hand, — where we may dwell with him, and give praise to thee, for evermore. — Amen.

For a New Year.

Blessed be God, — who has brought us safe to the beginning of another year. Make us sensible, O thou eternal and holy One, how short and uncertain is our mortal life. Pardon our misspent time, — and make us henceforth careful to redeem it. Grant that we may begin the new year — with new resolutions of serving thee more faithfully. Make us wise unto salvation; — that we may consider in this our day — the things that belong to our peace; and that we may pass the time of our dwelling here — in thy fear and love; — and be ready to depart hence, — whenever thou shalt say unto us, — Return, ye children of men. — Amen.

BENEDICTIONS.

I. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our heavenly Father, and the communion of his holy Spirit, be with you all evermore. Amen.

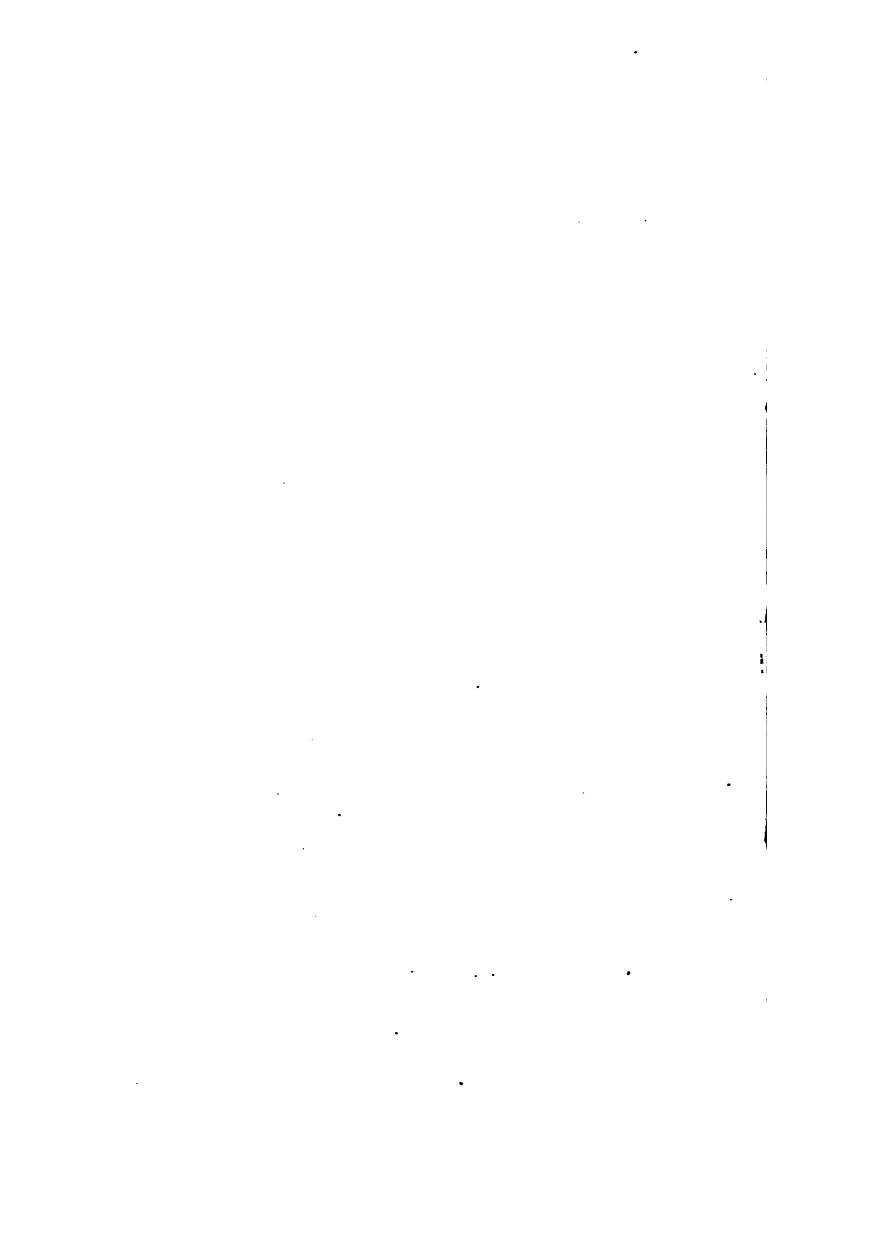
II. The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord; and the blessing of Almighty God be among you and remain with you always. Amen.

III. The Lord Almighty bless, preserve, and keep you; the Lord mercifully with his favor look upon you, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and grace; that ye may so live in this life as in the world to come ye may have life everlasting. Amen.

IV. The Lord bless and keep you; the Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the Lord lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace, now and evermore. Amen.

V. And now may grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and from Jesus Christ our Lord, be and abide with you all. Amen.

VI. Now unto Him who is able to do for us exceeding abundantly, above all that we can ask or think, be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.



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